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"HOW ARE YOU, MY FINE FELLOW?" SAID THE YOUNG VIRGINIAN.

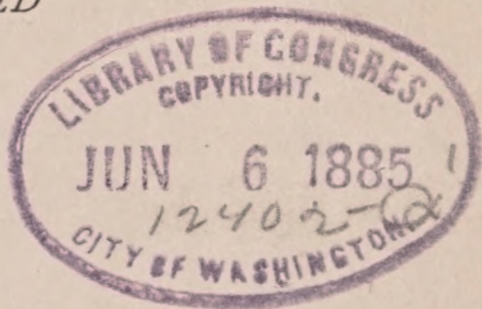
A DOUBLE MASQUERADE

A Romance of The Revolution

BY
CHARLES R. TALBOT

*Author of "Honor Bright," "Royal Lowrie," "Royal Lowrie's
Last Year at St. Olaves," "Parlor Comedies," etc., etc., etc.*

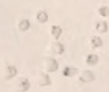
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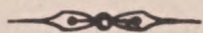
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A DOUBLE MASQUERADE.



CHAPTER I.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BALL.

UPON the road between Worcester and Boston, and not many miles from the latter town, there stood, in the year 1775, an old-fashioned tavern whose sign was a huge yellow ball. Before this tavern, about three o'clock of a pleasant day in early June-time of the year just named, two travellers drew rein. They were mere lads, not above sixteen years of age at the most, and of an appearance quite unusual in that part of the country.

The foremost was a bright-looking, handsome young fellow, well-dressed and well-furnished, mounted upon a valuable black horse, and sitting in his saddle as though he had been born there.

There was about his whole make-up an air of rank and importance which did not fail to extend itself to his manner, though this to an amusing and interesting rather than offensive degree. The other of the two seemed not so much a companion of the first as a part of his belongings. He was dressed in a suit of smart livery, and was evidently a servant — a stout negro lad with a grave, comical face that, though black as midnight, shone like the noonday sun beneath his velvet hunting cap.

Dame Hannah Holcomb, mistress of the Golden Ball, had come out upon the porch after dinner to bask awhile in the afternoon sun, and had fallen asleep over her copy of the *Massachusetts Spy* — a seditious little sheet published every Thursday morning in the town of Worcester, and for whose rebel utterances the good dame cherished in her heart the profoundest contempt. Dame Holcomb was a fat, jolly looking woman, clad in a striped homespun gown and with a yellow handkerchief tied about her shoulders. An enormous sun-bonnet lay on the settle beside her. She started up at the sound of horses' feet.

The young gentleman on the black horse took off his cocked hat and made the landlady a bow, though with such merry, exaggerated politeness as plainly marked his sense of the difference in their stations.

“Good day to you! Mistress Golden Ball,” cried he, “will you be so good as to tell me where I want to go?” Then he laughed outright at the awkward form he had given his question — a hearty, boyish laugh that seemed the natural outcome of the winning smile with which he had begun to speak. “I want to find —” he went on more seriously — “a lady of the name of Brenshaw, widow of the late Matthew Brenshaw. I was told that she lived on the outskirts of this village, and within a mile of the sign of the Golden Ball. Can you tell me just where?”

Dame Holcomb had risen from her seat, and returned his bow with an even more elaborate courtesy. She stood now, staring and rubbing her eyes, hardly able yet to separate this gay young stranger and his picturesque attendant from the creatures of the dream their coming had disturbed.

"Oh," said she, with a bewildered air, "you mean Lady Brenshaw, of Brenshaw Hall."

"Nay, then, but I don't," returned the lad testily. "There's but one Lady Brenshaw that *I* know of, and she is the wife of Sir Gervaise Brenshaw, of Brenshaw Hall in England. I believe we did hear, though, that uncle Matthew named his house here after the old place at home." Then, "So she calls herself Lady Brenshaw, does she?" he inquired.

"La, no, sir ; she don't do that exactly. But other people do call her so sometimes, as a kind of nickname. She be English born and bred, and do hold herself summat above common folks ; and people hereabouts don't like it mostly." Then, her glance still dwelling upon the stranger with mingled awe and admiration, she ventured a question on her own account. "You be from England yourself, maybe, sir?" She had an idea that he must be some English prince or lord ; and, unlike most of her neighbors, she privately held the king and his nobility in high esteem.

"England ! I !" The young gentleman scowled

at her almost fiercely. Then he looked down doubtfully at his London-made clothes. Evidently he was far from being a victim to that passion for appearing "English" that has seized so violently upon the young people of his class of the present day. "Do I look as though I came from England?" murmured he. "Before George! If I thought that, I'd change clothes with my boy Pomp there, this minute." Then he twisted himself around in his saddle. "Pomp, you rascal, do you think I look as though I came from England?"

The negro, who had settled himself into a somewhat jaded attitude upon his jaded horse, looked up stupidly.

"Don't know nuffin' 'bout England, Mars' Jarvy," he slowly answered, shaking his head. "T'ink he look like he come from Birginny. T'ink he look like gen'leman!"

His master laughed, well-pleased. He turned again to the landlady.

"No, my good woman," said he, with a wave of the hand, "I am not from England. I am from the Old Dominion."

“La!” exclaimed Dame Holcomb, with undiminished respect. A great many of the king’s finest gentlemen were known to have settled in the Old Dominion. “So you are from the loyal colony of Virginia?”

“Humph!” was the reply. “I don’t know about the *loyal*. My Lord Dunmore might have a word to say about that. However” — with a curt change of tone — “that’s neither here nor there. Be so good as to tell me, if you please, how I shall get to this Brenshaw Hall.”

“Brenshaw Hall, sir, lies on a cross-road a mile on from here. But you should have come a month ago if you wished to see Madam Brenshaw. She packed up her goods and went into Boston to live — she and her two daughters and all her servants — nearly three weeks ago.”

“What!” cried the lad in astonishment. Then he demanded sternly, as though he were disposed to hold the dame herself responsible for the fact, “What’s that for, I should like to know.”

“Well,” said the landlady, lowering her voice, “a body may tell you the truth, sir, though it’s

little good generally to speak the truth, with people so unreasonable like and full of hatred and rebellion toward their lawful rulers. And the truth is, sir, they did treat her right shameful, with posting up their notices about her, warning her to quit the country, and hooting after her whenever she drove by, and hanging about the place of nights, throwing stones at the windows just because Miss Dolly chose to play *God Save the King* upon her harpsichord. And, indeed, they did declare one night they'd burn the house down."

"Is that the way they treat an unprotected woman in this region?" broke in the young gentleman, with flashing eyes, dropping his hand upon the holster of his saddle. "Upon my word, I wish I *had* come a month ago."

"Well," the woman explained, willing to apologize for her misguided countrymen, "it must be confessed that she did make herself awful aggravating to 'em. Why, one night when they went over there, she came out on the steps and told them to their faces they were a set of low-born traitors and cowards. That was the time they

threatened to burn the house. They'd a-done it, too, if it hadn't been for Elnathan Ruggles. Elnathan he got up on the fence and said how her husband's brother in Virginia was a true patriot and friend of the colonies, as they all had heard, and had spoken out strong for liberty in the House of Burgesses; and for *his* sake, Elnathan told 'em, they ought not to harm Madam Brenshaw or her property. And when Madam heard that, she right out and said that Mr. Edward Brenshaw of Virginia was a worse traitor than any of 'em, and that she disowned him and his forever, then and there, and wanted no favors shown her on his account. But they went off and left her, without carrying out their threats. They couldn't help but respect her and admire her courage." Dame Holcomb nodded her head as though she herself were quite proud of Madam Brenshaw's spirit. "When the arrangement was made with General Gage, though, after the Lexington fight, by which all people outside the town could go in if they chose and put themselves under protection of the King's troops, she concluded to go. She has a house there,

where they used to live before they built out here, on account of Mr. Brenshaw's health."

The young gentleman sat with a troubled expression, pondering what he had heard.

"Well," said he at length, only half aloud, "I suppose, then, I shall have to go into Boston to find her; though that is likely to be no easy matter in the present state of affairs. And it is probable that she will shut her door in my face, even if I should find her. It seems she has disowned us all." He sat and considered a moment longer. Then, "At any rate," he concluded, with an air of final decision, "I can't go any farther to-day." He threw himself out of the saddle, and leaving his horse standing, went up the path to the porch. "I suppose you can give me bed and board for the night?" he said to the landlady.

"Oh! bless you, yes, sir," the woman answered, and turned at once toward the door.

The young gentleman waiting a moment to give his servant some direction as to his horse and baggage (the latter consisting of a big leathern valise which was strapped behind the negro), fol-

lowed Dame Holcomb indoors ; and having arranged with her for the immediate preparation of his dinner, he took his way up stairs to his room.

“ You go along the entry at the head of the stairs,” Dame Hannah instructed him, “ to the farthest door on the right. You must excuse my not going up with you, on account of my rhumatis, which is going to last me pretty near all summer, I’m afraid. As for servants, the only one we’ve got about the place has gone down to Nabby Penfield’s to spend the afternoon. And my husband, he druv over to Wrentham Centre early this morning, and ain’t got back yet.”

The young gentleman went on up the stairs, only half attending to these apologies and explanations ; and following the banister in the narrow hall above, he came presently upon two doors facing each other, one of which, after a single moment’s hesitation, he pushed open.

The room within was thoroughly darkened, only a dusky beam of light forcing itself in here and there through the cracks of the shutters. The visitor walked straight to one of the windows and

threw open the blind, letting in a flood of glaring sunlight. The next instant he heard a rustling of the corn-husk bed, and then, to his vast astonishment, a human voice :

“ I say now, what a set of rascally land-lubbers — hold there, sirrah ! What are you doing there ? Stand where you are, or ” —

The first of these two incomplete sentences was uttered in the querulous tones of a half-awakened, still dreaming person ; the second in accents as clear and hostile as the sharp click of the pistol lock which was permitted to finish it.

The lad turned around instantly. On the bed, in the corner, a second person was now plainly to be seen—a young fellow of about his own age, who had evidently been aroused from sound sleep by the opening of the shutter, and who, raised upon his elbow, was regarding the intruder with angry eyes while he levelled point blank at him a small brass pistol.

This individual had his clothes on, save his coat and his shoes, and was dressed in a rustic suit of brown, with a coarse shirt and neck-

erchief, and gray worsted stockings. So much as this our hero took in at a glance.

"Who in the name of the Seven Wonders are you?" he demanded in profound astonishment.

"Who are *you*? would be a question more to the point," returned the other fiercely. "What are you doing in this room?"

The intruder looked around him comically. "Well," said he candidly, "it does look as though I had gotten into the wrong room."

"It certainly does, sir; and you had best take yourself out of it at once."

But the young gentleman in gold lace did not fancy being addressed in such manner by a person in a russet suit.

"That I'll be shot if I do," he haughtily declared, "until you drop that pistol and change your tone."

"You are more likely to be shot if you don't," observed the other grimly. Nevertheless, he now allowed the hand containing the weapon to fall upon the bed, and his manner had unconsciously lost something of its fierceness as he realized

that the intrusion was due simply to a mistake.

“And,” continued the Virginian contemptuously, “I don’t know but it would be a good thing, after all, for the King to send troops enough over here to teach you Massachusetts country bumpkins your manners. You don’t seem to know how to treat your betters. I don’t wonder that my aunt Brenshaw moved into town.”

And with that he turned on his heel, and, cramming his hand into the pockets of his scarlet waistcoat, walked, with ostentatious deliberation, out of the room.

A half-hour later the young traveller, refreshed by a careful toilet, was summoned below again to the inviting dinner which Dame Holcomb had prepared. The good lady hovered about him as he took his seat, anxious for his comfort.

“Will you have tea or coffee, sir?” she asked him.

The question, seemingly an innocent one, was in fact an established formula in Massachusetts for ascertaining the political sentiments of a guest — a point which, in the present instance, the

Dame had not as yet been quite able to settle with herself.

"Tea!" exclaimed the lad. "I thought you didn't drink tea here in the Bay Colony, since Parliament put a tax on it."

"Oh," returned the landlady, having her answer ready, "this is some we have had in the house since long before *that*. We keep a little of it always on hand for the use of quality folk that visit us."

"Nevertheless," declared the lad, frankly accepting the explanation, but determined to stick to his principles, "I think I'll go without mine, with the rest, if it's only to let His Majesty know that we colonists mean what we say. Coffee'll be good enough for me."

So the coffee was brought, and then Dame Holcomb sat down with her knitting a little way off, while her guest, for a few moments, devoted himself exclusively to his dinner. Presently, however, his natural good humor now fully restored, the young man looked up at his hostess.

"So, my good dame," said he gallantly, "you

not only furnish your guests with the best of cheer to refresh them, but you also provide them with the best of company in which to eat it."

"La!" cried the dame, greatly flustered, "it is you folk from Virginia for making fine speeches, I must say. But I thought mayhap you'd be lonesome-like, all by yourself here, and would be glad of some one to talk to you."

"To be sure!" replied the youth gayly. "Though if at any time I should seem to fail at all in my attention to yourself or your discourse" — this was said with a chicken bone upon which he was engaged still raised to his lips — "I beg that you will attribute the fault solely to the not superior, but still quite irresistible charms of the dinner you have given me. Upon my word, madam, I am deeply grateful to you for not having broiled me still another of these delicious chickens. I should have eaten it for very lack of will to resist the temptation, and should then have had no capacity left for the bestowal of the most excellent pudding which you have also set forth."

"La!" murmured the dame again, and sat a

moment, seeming fairly to bask in the warmth of his generous praise. Then, as her needles resumed their industrious clicking, she hazarded a question in the interests of her own still unsatisfied curiosity.

“You said you came from Virginia, sir. Mayhap you are acquainted with Mr. Edward Brenshaw, Madam Brenshaw’s brother?”

The youth laughed. “Well, now,” cried he, “I should certainly say I was. He has the honor to be my father.”

“Bless me!” ejaculated the landlady, evidently impressed. “Then Madam Brenshaw is your aunt?”

“Yes; Mr. Matthew Brenshaw was my father’s brother. They two came to America together thirty years ago. Uncle Matthew stayed here in Boston and got rich, and my father went to Virginia. They were only younger sons. There’s a third brother in England, who had the place and title — Sir Gervaise Brenshaw. That is *my* name, Gervaise Brenshaw. ’Twas my grandfather’s name also. It’s a common name in the family. I’ve a

cousin in England of that name — about my age, I believe. He's a midshipman in the Royal Navy."

The young gentleman had now waxed very communicative, it would seem; and he was so interested in what he was saying that the chicken bone was allowed to fall upon his plate. He was, indeed, an open-hearted, ingenuous young fellow, full of sociability, and with a boyish fondness — easily enough forgiven by those who listened — for hearing himself talk.

Dame Holcomb, however, was quite as much interested in his present discourse as the speaker himself.

"Dear me!" she said, as the lad paused. And then, with proper solicitude, she inquired: "I hope you left your father, Mr. Edward Brenshaw, quite well, on his plantation?"

"Oh, yes; I left him well enough, though not on his plantation. He's in Philadelphia, with the Congress that's met there. He isn't a member of the Congress, you know; but he was bound to be there, all the same. He's got a scheme in his

head, and I'll wager a sovereign I know what it is, too, for all he's so close about it. He wants to get Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon made commander-in-chief, if we should raise an army. They couldn't get a better man than Colonel Washington. I'll say that for him, though I don't like him over well myself. He's too dignified and stern by half. He's a born soldier, though. Ah! but you should see him ride to hounds! I teased my father," so the lad ran on, "until he took me to Philadelphia with him; and then I teased him again until he let me ride on up here. I've come up to represent the family in this Boston business. I told him that if there was to be any fighting, one of us ought to be here; and of course *he* couldn't come with that ball in his thigh that he got up at Lake George twenty years ago. He said there wouldn't be any fighting at present. and if there was, he didn't want *me* in it. But I told him that if he didn't let me come I should come without his letting me; and finally he said I might take Pomp and come up and pay my aunt Brenshaw a visit. He believes in teaching boys to

take care of themselves. And now" — the lad suddenly concluded with a change of tone — "now I've come, my aunt isn't here at all. She's moved into Boston. And according to what you tell me, she has disowned us all. Why, *we* didn't know she was such a rabid royalist, though of course my uncle married her in England. I say now, you don't suppose, do you, that she will shut the door in my face when I come to present myself?"

The landlady shook her head doubtfully.

"I don't know," said she. "She's a terribly set woman; and she does hate the King's enemies. She always speaks of your father as 'that rebel.'"

"And so he is a rebel, if there is to be any rebellion!" declared the young gentleman hotly, pounding his fist upon the table. "And I am a rebel too, every inch of me! Nevertheless, I am going into Boston to see her, if I can get in. I guess she won't turn me out of doors. People don't treat their own relations in that way. And, besides, I want to see my cousins. I've never seen 'em yet, you know. They must be big girls by this time, aren't they?"

“Why, yes,” answered the dame. “Miss Dolly is sixteen, I believe, and Miss Patty is only a year younger. Nice girls they are, too, both of them, though they’re no more alike than — than a rose and a pansy. Miss Dolly, she’s gentle and quiet-like as she can be — always going about and doing good. She would insist on telling people their duty to the King, though ; and they wouldn’t stand *that* hereabouts. She’s like her mother in that. She believes that the King is the Lord’s Anointed. As for Patty, she’s a wild, harum-scarum sort of girl, always bound to do as she’s told not to. That’s the reason of her being such an out-and-out little rebel, I suppose. She’s a bright, nice girl though, and everybody likes her.”

“I tell you what it is,” shouted the young gentleman, as he listened to this description of his cousins, “I will go into Boston to see ’em to-morrow morning. All the King’s horses and all the King’s men sha’n’t keep me out. That is what I came up here for, and I’m going to do it. Halloo ! Why, if here isn’t my slumberous friend !”

A slight noise at this point of the conversation

had caused Master Brenshaw to turn his head, and the last words were due to his sudden discovery of the presence of the individual whom he had encountered a while before in the room above. The latter was standing just inside the door of the room (how long he had been there did not appear), and with his hands in the pockets of his homespun coat was regarding our hero with great apparent interest, though he still looked somewhat sleepy and unkempt. As he now saw him for the second time, Master Gervaise was struck by the fact that his sunburned face was fine and handsome, and that he had an air about him not exactly in harmony with the common dress he wore, or the position he seemed to occupy. Gervaise nodded to him good-humoredly.

“How are you, my fine fellow?” said he. “I hope you have waked up better-natured than you did a little while ago.”

The person addressed took time to saunter carelessly over to a chair at one side of the room, and seating himself there, to yawn lengthily, before he replied, in a broad Yankee accent, as drawling

and nasal as that of the countryman in General Burgoyne's play :

"Wall, I d' no. I'm most allwus gin'rally purty good-natured."

He yawned again, and looked up coolly at Gervaise.

The latter glanced back at him suspiciously.

"You seem to have waked up with a pretty strong Yankee accent," said he. "I didn't notice anything of the kind when I stumbled into your room awhile ago and woke you up."

"Hev yeou ben in my room?" inquired the other, with a lazy assumption of surprise. "Wall, naow, that's curous. 'N' did I speak to ye? Hum! Must 'a' ben talkin' in my sleep, then. Jes' like me. Got a habit that way."

"And I suppose," observed Gervaise ironically, "that if that brass pistol of yours had gone off, *that* would have been talking in its sleep too."

"Did I p'int my pistol at ye? Wall, naow, that's curous. But a man ain't *reesponserble* for what he doos in his sleep. Lucky for yeou it *didn't* go off. As for my Yankee accent, as yeou call it,

I do hope you'll excuse it. Ye can't hardly 'xpect folks in these parts to talk as graymattercal as yeou grand people daown in Virginny."

"How do you know I came from Virginia?" demanded Gervaise angrily. "You must have been listening there at the door."

"Wall, ef people talk a good deal abaout themselves, they must 'xpect to hev their private affairs overheard sometimes," replied the other with careless impudence. "S'pose ye'll go on ter Bosting t' see yer a'nt an' cousins; don't ye think ye will?"

"I don't know that it matters to you what I am going to do, or what I am not going to do," burst forth our hero, now fairly worked into a rage by the imperturbable insolence of the stranger. "And I'd have you know I don't allow everybody to speak to me of my relatives."

He got up from his chair and stood confronting the other.

But at this juncture Dame Holcomb interposed, begging that there might be no quarrel on her premises, and assuring young Brenshaw that the

other lad meant nothing by what he had said. At the same time, she bestowed upon the latter a beseeching glance, in obedience to which — though he had seemed entirely unmoved by the threatening aspect of Master Gervaise — he got up from his chair and with rather an odd expression upon his face, left the room as deliberately as he had entered it.

“Who is that fellow, pray?” Gervaise inquired scornfully, as he resumed his seat.

“Oh,” said the landlady, “he is only a — a person that is stopping here. He isn’t responsible for what he says. He doesn’t know any better.”

“Then he ought to have somebody to teach him better,” the lad declared.

After dinner Master Brenshaw mounted his horse again, and directed by the landlady, rode over to Brenshaw Hall to take a look at the place, though, of course, he knew now that he should find it deserted. He came back just at dusk, and being very tired, went directly to bed, and was before long asleep.

Some time in the early part of the night he was

awakened by low voices outside the house. He arose and went to the window. In the road below, by the bright light of the moon, he saw two persons—one of them on horseback—whom he at once recognized as Dame Holcomb and the late occupant of the room opposite. They were talking earnestly together, though he could understand nothing of what they said. Presently the stranger leaned over in his saddle and dropped a piece of gold into the landlady's hand. Then, with a wave of the hand, he rode away.

Gervaise went back to bed again; but with wondering who this mysterious stranger could be who acted so queerly, and who took his sleep in the daytime, and rode abroad when others were in bed, it was long before he again closed his eyes.

In the morning, as he went out into the hall, his eye fell upon a folded piece of paper that had been dropped near the opposite door. He picked it up, and opened it. On one side was what purported to be a "Map of the town of Boston," roughly sketched, but evidently by some one who had accu-

rate and recent knowledge of the place. On the back of the paper, carelessly jotted down, as though by way of a memorandum, were the words, "*Lechmere's Pt. Rocks, just N. Saturday night from eight to twelve. Abercrombie.*"

He stood a moment examining this paper, turning it back and forth with a puzzled face. Then he nodded wisely to himself, and put it away in his pocket.

CHAPTER II.

MASTER BRENSHAW CHANGES HIS COAT.

THE Boston for which, not very early the next morning, Gervaise Brenshaw set out, and where, in the course of the next week or two, he was to meet with some surprising adventures, was a very different place from the bustling city in which, more than a hundred years later, this account of those adventures is being printed and read.

The reader will best realize the difference by comparing the map of Boston which Gervaise had picked up outside his bedroom door at the Golden Ball (and which is reproduced here) with any convenient plan of the city at the present day. In the one case we have a complete peninsula, of an extent no greater than the eye seems easily able to take in, crossed and divided by a comparatively small number of streets and lanes about which the

stranger in those times would have found no more difficulty in finding his way than he might to-day in many of our rural towns, and almost any one of which would have served to bring him out presently into view of the town common, or the staff on Beacon Hill, or the north mill-pond, or of Long or Hancock's wharf. In the other case this peninsula, extended on every side by the filling in of the flats, and joined to the mainland by numerous bridges, is no longer a peninsula at all; and the town — not separable to the eye from the flourishing communities about it — appears a solid mass of busy streets, vast warehouses and crowded dwellings, among which even the boy who is Boston born and bred has sometimes to inquire his way.

And this difference (while we are speaking of it) was not confined to the physical aspect of the town. The people were different too: different in number, for where there are twenty-five or thirty now there was then but one; different in manners and customs; different in ideas; different in dress and appearance and speech. Among other things the foreign population was different. In the month



of June, 1775, the foreign population of Boston consisted chiefly of about ten thousand men, who were quartered all about the town and who wore, all of them, red coats and carried the King's muskets. And as one takes another look at Master Gervaise's map and realizes again how completely the town in those days was a peninsula, connected with the mainland only by the narrow neck, at Roxbury, one can but think what a capital place it was in which to coop up a British general and his army. His Excellency Governor Gage should have thought twice before he sent out that detachment of his troop to Concord and Lexington, one April morning, to stir up the country people and bring down upon him in forty-eight hours' time some thousands of New England minute men, fierce as hornets, to occupy the neighboring heights and shut him up in the town.

As Gervaise Brenshaw, toward the hour of noon, drew near to the town, and, here and there on his way, learned more accurately the political situation, he began to realize as he had not before done, that a condition of things prevailed that was little

short of actual war, and that Boston was in a state of siege. The Americans had settled themselves in camp around the town; fortifications had been thrown up and guns planted all along the shore from Boston Neck to Charlestown; and all ordinary communication with the surrounding country was cut off.

Such a state of things was very likely, of course, to interfere seriously with his visit to his aunt, a fact of which he was fully assured when, just on the outskirts of Cambridge village, he was roughly accosted by three men — soldiers, no doubt; although the cockades in their hats and the guns they carried were the only outward evidence of the fact — who, after questioning him a moment, concluded that it was not necessary to arrest him, but informed him that he could go no farther in that direction. “But I want to go on into Boston,” protested our hero. “I’ve *got* to go into Boston.”

The leader of the three shook his head.

“Can’t help it. You can’t pass *our* lines without a pass from General Ward — or Old Put.”

“Old Put?” Gervaise repeated eagerly. “Is that Major Putnam?”

“Yes; that’s Major Putnam, or *Gineral* Putnam. He’s a brigadier-gineral too.”

“Where is he? Can I see him?”

“He’s down at the Inman place—down t’other side the village. One of us c’n take ye down there, I s’pose.”

“I’ll give one of you a dollar if you will,” said Gervaise joyfully. He had good reason for believing that if he could see General Putnam the difficulties of the situation would vanish.

“All right,” the man answered. “Here, Barclay, *you* take him down.”

So, Barclay walking along by his horse’s head, Master Gervaise rode on into the village, Pompey, of course, still bringing up decorously in the rear. They found themselves presently in the midst of the American camp, where were gathered together in barracks hundreds of men, an inexperienced, undisciplined, poorly equipped band, as was plainly enough to be seen; but a band that had come there with a purpose, and that was doing all it

could, day by day, to prepare itself for the desperate conflict that now seemed inevitable.

Going on past the meeting-house, the jail, the court-house and the brick colleges which, with the hundred or more of houses that surrounded them made up the pleasant village of Cambridge at this time, they followed the road which seemed to lead down toward the water, until presently, near a tavern whose sign was a blue anchor, it was crossed at right angles by another road. Turning here to the left they came almost immediately upon a spacious mansion standing on a rise of ground on the north side of the road before which Barclay halted our hero, informing him, with a jerk of the thumb in the direction of the house, that "Gin'ral Putnam was gin'rally to be found in there."

Gervaise dismounted and leaving the horses with Pompey, walked in through the gate and up the steps. He was met here by another soldier, whose appearance also was military only by reason of the musket he carried and the air with which he demanded to know the visitor's business.

"Is General Putman at home?" Gervaise asked by way of answer.

"What d'ye want of him?" inquired the man.

"That," said Gervaise brusquely, "I'd prefer explaining to himself if it doesn't matter to you."

"All right," said the man, not a particle offended. "You'll find him inside there — fust door t' the right."

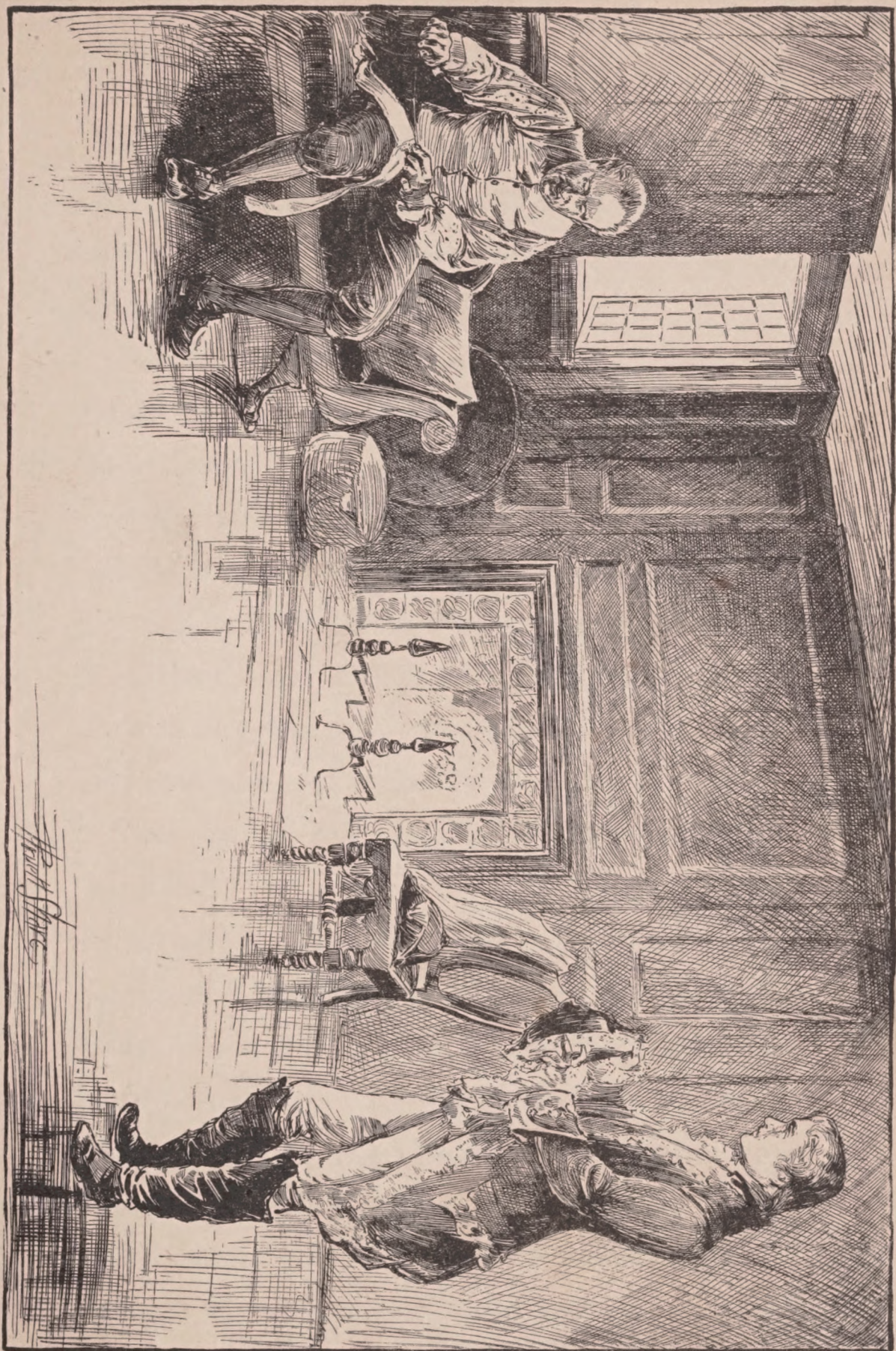
Gervaise advanced to the door indicated, and hesitating a moment before he knocked, heard some one whistling within. Then, in answer to his rap, there was a careless summons to enter; whereupon he pushed the door open and stepped in.

On a sofa by the window sat an individual whose appearance, though neither elegant nor exactly dignified, was decidedly striking. He was an elderly man, seemingly about sixty years old, somewhat round-shouldered, though of a figure tall and powerful, sitting in his shirt-sleeves, and dressed — to give his costume complete — in a checked shirt, a faded red waistcoat, dark homespun small-clothes, coarse blue stockings and thick leathern shoes. On the sofa beside him was a three-cor-

nered hat with a red cockade in its crown; and a calico banian or sacque coat hung over a chair near by. He sat with his legs spread wide apart, and held in his lap a bandelier which he was mending. He did not look up at once, but kept on plying his waxed ends and whistling to himself, while our hero waited, hat in hand. When he did raise his head it was to show a homely, sun-burned face marked by an expression of mingled energy and joviality. Such was General Israel Putnam of Connecticut, a man plain, frank, fearless, indomitable, true — a good specimen of the farmer-patriot of the American Revolution.

“Well, my lad?” he said; and then, seeming to perceive that our hero’s appearance was not quite ordinary, he regarded him with some interest.

“Are you — may I — that is, can I see Major Putnam?” Master Gervaise was much less at his ease than was generally the case when he found himself in the presence of strangers, and the question was asked mechanically. In point of fact he knew very well that he already saw Major Putnam. There was no mistaking this queer old veteran.



AT GENERAL PUTNAM'S HEADQUARTERS.

He had recognized instantly the hero of the old French wars, the soldier friend of his father, who had once saved that father's life and whom he had described to him a hundred times.

"Yes," was the blunt answer. "You can see Major Putnam, if you will hold up your head and look at him."

"My father said I should find you here," observed Gervaise, still a good deal embarrassed.

"Oh, he did? Well, I'm very much obliged to him, I am sure. I don't know where else I should be at a time like this. I'm blest though, if I have any idea who your father is, my young friend."

"My father is Captain Edward Brenshaw of Virginia."

"What!" The old soldier straightened up instantly and looked at his visitor in astonishment. Then he got up from his seat, and advancing toward him, seized him by the shoulder of his velvet coat, and turning him toward the light, gazed earnestly into his face. Then he grasped his hand. "God bless you, my boy! I couldn't get it through me for a minute, but I can see it now in

every line of your face — though I haven't set eyes on Edward Brenshaw for fifteen years. Where is he? — How is he? — What are you doing here? — Why isn't he here in a time like this?"

"He's down at Philadelphia with the Congress," answered Gervaise, holding up his head manfully now. "He *would* be here, if it wasn't for that ball in his thigh. *You* know how he got that, sir. He has told me a thousand times how he'd have got it in his heart instead, if you hadn't run in and struck down the Frenchman's musket. You haven't forgotten that, sir?"

The old soldier laughed gleefully.

"Bless my soul!" he answered, "I believe I do remember. And what are you doing up here so far from home? Have you come up to do the fighting for the family?"

"Well," declared Gervaise stoutly, "I believe I *would* do it, if it came to that. Father said he didn't think there would be any fighting; but if there was any, he said I was to keep out of it. I have come up here to visit my aunt. She lives back here in the country a bit. But I found she

had moved into town"—Gervaise went on and told his father's friend all about his aunt Brenshaw and how he had suddenly found his visit interfered with by her removal into Boston. "Father said," he concluded, his tongue at full gallop now, "that if I got among the soldiery down here, I was to ask for you. He said you'd be here as sure as gunpowder. He said he knew you; you'd start and run all the way down here as soon as you heard of the Lexington fight, like as if you was going to a fire. And he said you'd take care of me if I got into trouble. I haven't got into trouble that I know of, and I don't want any particular taking care of. But I would like it, sir, if you could fix it so I could go into Boston. I do want to see my aunt and cousins, now I've come up here." He looked up with boyish eagerness as he made the request.

But the old man shook his head gravely.

"You don't know what you ask, my boy," said he. "It is risky business, going in and out of Boston nowadays, even if I could arrange it so as to pass you. I'll think about it. You may be sure

I will do anything for you that is in my power and that I think your father would approve. There is nothing I would not do, my boy, for your father's son. Meanwhile you must stay here with me for the present. There's a room up-stairs. Stowell will see to it. He's the man who showed you in."

There was a knock at the door ; a well-dressed, dignified looking gentleman was shown in, and Master Gervaise went off to see about his servant and his horses.

After dinner, General Putnam having business which called him to various points along the rebel line, invited his young guest to accompany him, an invitation which the boy gladly accepted. During the ride Gervaise enjoyed the honor of being introduced to General Ward, the commander-in-chief, and also to General Nathaniel Greene and General Thomas, each one of whom knew of his father, and received him very kindly. He also saw a great deal that was novel and interesting, and by putting together what he saw and the answers which his companion seemed always ready to give to his eager questions, he was able

now to get a very fair idea of the situation. The Americans had gathered in large numbers and had completely surrounded the town on its land side, entrenching themselves at Dorchester, Roxbury, and all along the shore of the Back Bay through Cambridge to Charlestown Neck. They were waiting now to see what the enemy would do and what measures Congress would take; but they were fully determined that there should be no more midnight marches into the country save over their dead bodies. The English on their part held undisputed possession of the town itself, but they were closely shut up in it, and although on the twenty-fifth of May they had been reinforced by the arrival of the three major-generals, Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, with several thousand additional troops, they did not at present think it quite prudent to venture forth. Meanwhile communication between town and country was practically stopped. There had been an arrangement made late in April by which any who wished to come into town and put themselves under protection of the King's troops could do so, while those citizens

who chose to quit it might also do so, under certain strict conditions as to arms and property.

But the terms of this agreement had not been fairly adhered to by General Gage, and it had presently been abandoned. Gervaise, learning all this, fully appreciated now the difficulties that lay in the way of his paying a visit to his aunt, and reluctantly acknowledged to himself that it must for the present be given up. It was fated, however, that the visit should be made, and he should spend that very night beneath Madam Brenshaw's roof.

Just at sunset Gervaise strolled off by himself along the Charlestown road, turning off across the fields finally, thinking to make his way down to the water and then back home along the shore. He came presently upon a cart-path which seemed to lead in the right direction, but wishing to make sure of this, he inquired of a man whom he met if the path would take him to the shore.

"Wa'll, yaas," was the answer. "'T'll take ye right straight down ter Lechmere's Point."

"Ah!" uttered Gervaise, and then passed on, so occupied with the information he had received that

he forgot to thank his informant. "Lechmere's Point." Was not that the name written on the back of his map of Boston? He pulled out the paper and read over once more, by the now fast fading light, the words upon its outside, of which he had thought little when he had first noticed them there.

*Lechmere's Pt. Rocks just N. Saturday night.
From eight to twelve. Abercrombie.*

Then slowly it dawned upon him that this was a memorandum of some appointment, and (which gave vast interest to the fact) that the time and place of this appointment were close at hand. It was now Saturday night and nearly eight o'clock; and the path he was following led directly to Lechmere's Point. Could it be that the mysterious youth whom he had seen at the Golden Ball was expecting to meet somebody here to-night? Gervaise felt his interest in this individual revive.

"I'm blest if I don't go and see, at any rate," muttered he. "If it's for nothing but to give him back his map."

He walked on along the path, very soon arriving

in sight of the water and of the town beyond. Passing through some bars and crossing a meadow of marsh grass, he found himself at length on a narrowing point of land which he knew must be Lechmere's Point; and turning to the left he almost immediately perceived, looming up in the dusk, a pile of rocks close by the water's edge, that was, without doubt, the precise locality mentioned on the paper. The place seemed entirely quiet and deserted, and he stood a few moments upon the shore looking over across the river to the town opposite, now scarcely distinguishable save by its numerous lights. Over beyond the town a mellow radiance just appearing in the east announced the rising of the moon, only a day or two past its full. And as he still stood there, pensively enjoying the scene, a gentle breeze, creeping across the water, brought faintly to his ears the distant roll of a drum and the sound of martial music. "I vow!" he cried, half aloud, "*I would* like to be over there! The idea of being within ear-shot, almost, of one's own cousins, and yet not being allowed to go near them! I wish I

had a boat. I'd *go* over, allow it or not allow it."

He glanced along the shore as he spoke, as though to see if perchance there might not be a boat of some description near at hand. He started suddenly as his eyes fell again upon the pile of rocks. For one moment, close beside them and half concealed within their shadow, there had appeared against the sky the outline of a human figure.

He was certain of it, although instantly it had disappeared. There was somebody there, then — some one, perhaps, who was waiting for his strange acquaintance of the day before. He turned and walked toward the place. The next moment the dark form again showed itself in the shadow and a harsh voice called upon him to halt.

"Hold! Who goes there?"

"Oh," said Gervaise coolly, paying no attention to the challenge and continuing to advance. "You are here, are you? You are good and prompt, too. It isn't five minutes from eight o'clock this instant, I'll wager a button."

"We tried to be on time, sir," was the reply, in a pleased and entirely submissive voice.

Gervaise, half in jest and upon the impulse of the moment, had spoken and acted as though he were the person with whom, he believed, a rendezvous had been appointed here; and the ruse seemed instantly to have succeeded.

"Mr. Hodges said you might be here on the minute and it wouldn't do to keep you waiting." Then the man came forward too, and Gervaise was able to make out that he wore the dress of a man-o-war's-man. The lad had seen man-o'-war's-men in plenty, on board the English ships of war that come up the Potomac.

"Then Hodges didn't come with you?" Gervaise asked with cool assurance.

"No, sir. He said how he couldn't manage it, sir. He couldn't even get a boat, so he took us three of us out of one of the *Preston's* boats and sent us over here in an old scow he picked up ashore. We are not from the *Somerset* at all, sir; but he said we should know you all the same. I was to ask you for the Word, sir, you know."

"The Word?" repeated Gervaise.

"Yes, sir; the countersign. He said you would know it."

"Oh," said Gervaise, "the countersign?" He stood looking down at the ground, sadly put to it. Then he shook his head. "Beshrew me if it hasn't slipped out of my head entirely," said he.

The man seemed perplexed. "I wish you would remember it, sir, if you can," said he. "I know, of course, you are the young gentleman that was to be here; but orders is orders, sir."

"Well, then," said Gervaise, "you'll have to *help* me to remember it. What kind of a word was it, anyway? What letter did it begin with?"

"Well, sir, you wouldn't have to go outside of your a-b-abs to find it."

"Oh," cried Gervaise, instantly remembering the word upon his paper. "I have it now! It's *Abercrombie*." Then he added to himself, "And stupid of me not to have thought of it before."

"All right," exclaimed the man joyfully, "I knew you would know it." He turned at once to lead the way around the rocks.

“The skiff is right here, sir.”

Gervaise hesitated, taking a single instant to make up his mind. Should he follow this strange adventure farther? Here was a boat and its crew, quite at his service, to take him over to the town if he liked — just what he had been wishing for five minutes before. Why should he not avail himself of the chance, since he was scarcely likely to have another? With merely so much of reflection, he all at once yielded to the reckless spirit of adventure that was natural to him, and followed the man down to the water's edge.

There was a boat grounded on the beach, in which two men were sitting. Gervaise without a word took his place in the stern; and the man, pushing off the bow, also stepped on board.

“You'll find your uniform there in the stern-sheets, in a bundle, sir,” said the man as he shipped his oars. “Mr. Hodges sent it along. He said how you would want to put it on before you went on board.”

“Very well,” returned Gervaise cheerfully. “That was very good of Hodges, I'm sure. I cer-

tainly shouldn't want to go on board without a uniform." He picked up a bundle which lay at his feet and began to unroll it.

"Shall we give way, sir?"

"Oh, yes; give way, of course."

"For the *Somerset*?"

"Why, hold on, though. I've got to go over to the town first; pull directly across."

"All right, sir," replied the man, accustomed to unquestioning obedience.

Gervaise opened his bundle, and by the light of the now risen moon examined its contents. These consisted of, first a military cocked hat with a cockade, and then a short blue jacket, a white waistcoat and a pair of dark pantaloons, the outward dress of a naval officer — a midshipman, no doubt.

As he held them up he began to comprehend fully the position of affairs. A midshipman from one of the King's ships in the harbor had been away — either on special duty or, possibly, on some private adventure — and the boat had been sent to the Point, according to previous agree-

ment, to meet him on his return and take him off. By a curious chance, assisted largely by his own enterprise, he, Gervaise Brenshaw, had been taken for this midshipman and now found himself in his place, with his uniform in his hands.

The situation was certainly a very romantic and funny one : To its serious side Master Gervaise did not at the moment give much attention. He thought himself upon the whole extremely lucky. He had wanted to go to Boston, and here he was being rowed in the direction of the town as rapidly as he could reasonably desire. And since the British authorities were so very particular as to who came in and out, it would be well to consult their feelings in the matter so far as to appear in a British uniform no doubt. "At any rate," he concluded to himself, "I think I'll put it on. My aunt, at least, will think a deal more of me, I have no doubt, if I am dressed in the King's livery."

CHAPTER III.

A MOONLIGHT INTRODUCTION.

MAKING no further ado therefore, he proceeded to substitute for his own outer raiment the articles from the bundle, a task which was hardly accomplished to his satisfaction before the shore of the town was found to be close at hand. They had fallen in with not a single vessel or boat in their passage across, and now, as they drew up to a dark and unfrequented part of the shore, to our hero's great relief, no sentry's challenge was heard and no solitary person seemed to be anywhere within hearing.

Gervaise as he had ridden along in the morning had studied his map pretty thoroughly, and had in his mind a tolerably good idea of the geography of the place. He directed the men to pull straight in, and presently the boat grounded.

Then, leaving his own discarded apparel in the boat — for he did not think it best to burden himself with it — the lad stepped on shore.

“Shall we wait here for you, sir?” asked the man in the bow. Gervaise reflected a moment.

“No,” said he. “Pull back to the Point again. It is possible you will find another person there — a fellow about my size. You’ll know him by his having the Word, as you did me. Take him off if you find him and obey his orders. You needn’t wait after twelve for him, though. As for me, I’ll look out for myself.”

Then, with the buttons of his midshipman’s jacket glittering in the moonlight, he turned toward the town.

“Now,” said he gayly, “now for my aunt and cousins.”

Gervaise had landed at a point just above where Cambridge street then as now ran down to the water; and presently gaining this thoroughfare (at that time, in this vicinity, only a lonely, ill-kept road) he made his way along it, turning to the right in a few moments and coming out at the

base of a considerable eminence which, remembering his map, he concluded to be Beacon Hill. A few steps farther brought him out upon a more frequented street and into sudden view of the Common upon which, white and picturesque in the moonlight, were to be seen the tents of the soldiery encamped there, with groups of men scattered about among them.

Gervaise did not linger here, however, having no especial business with the King's troops, and remembering that the evening was wearing on. He kept on to the left, with no idea as yet where his aunt's abode was to be found, but thinking it likeliest to be in the more thickly settled portion of the town. He met very few persons as he walked along; and of these few more were soldiers and officers than townspeople. Of several of the latter he made inquiry as to Madam Brenshaw's residence, and finally found one who thought he knew of her, and by following whose directions, he presently found himself in a secluded locality once more and among a number of respectable looking dwellings, at the door of one of which he knocked

and made farther inquiry. Here he was told that if he meant the Widow Brenshaw who had lately moved back from the country, he would find her house by going through an adjacent lane and passing along the street to which this would lead him until he came to the house, a large one on the right, standing back from the road, and which he was assured he could not mistake. Obeying these instructions, he found himself a little later before a residence which he did not doubt was that of which he was in search.

Through an arched way, whose gates were wide open, Gervaise looked up a broad path, between hedges of box-plant, to where, some distance away, and upon an elevated site, there stood one of the finest specimens of the town houses of that day, a large, square mansion three stories high, with a balustrade about its roof, a balcony above its broad front steps, and a roomy piazza at either end. The grounds about the house were very extensive, adorned here and there with flower-beds, arbors, and trained shrubbery, but consisting for the most part of a fine, natural lawn, ornamented

by grand old forest trees and irregular rocks and slopes.

On the left, from a carriage gate, a driveway led in and off around the side of the house, toward a mass of snowy stables and outbuildings in the rear. The whole scene, distinctly enough visible in all its parts, yet, seen at this distance, and by the soft, subduing light of the moon, seemed to our hero exceedingly romantic and attractive.

There was an air of comfort and elegance about it that was different entirely from that of the plantation homes with which he was familiar (about which, however great the wealth of the proprietor, there was always a look of well-to-do squalor and want of thrift), and that pleased him greatly. Moreover, he was but a lad, and he was far, far away from his own home and family. His heart went out with homesick longing toward this house and those of his own blood that were within it.

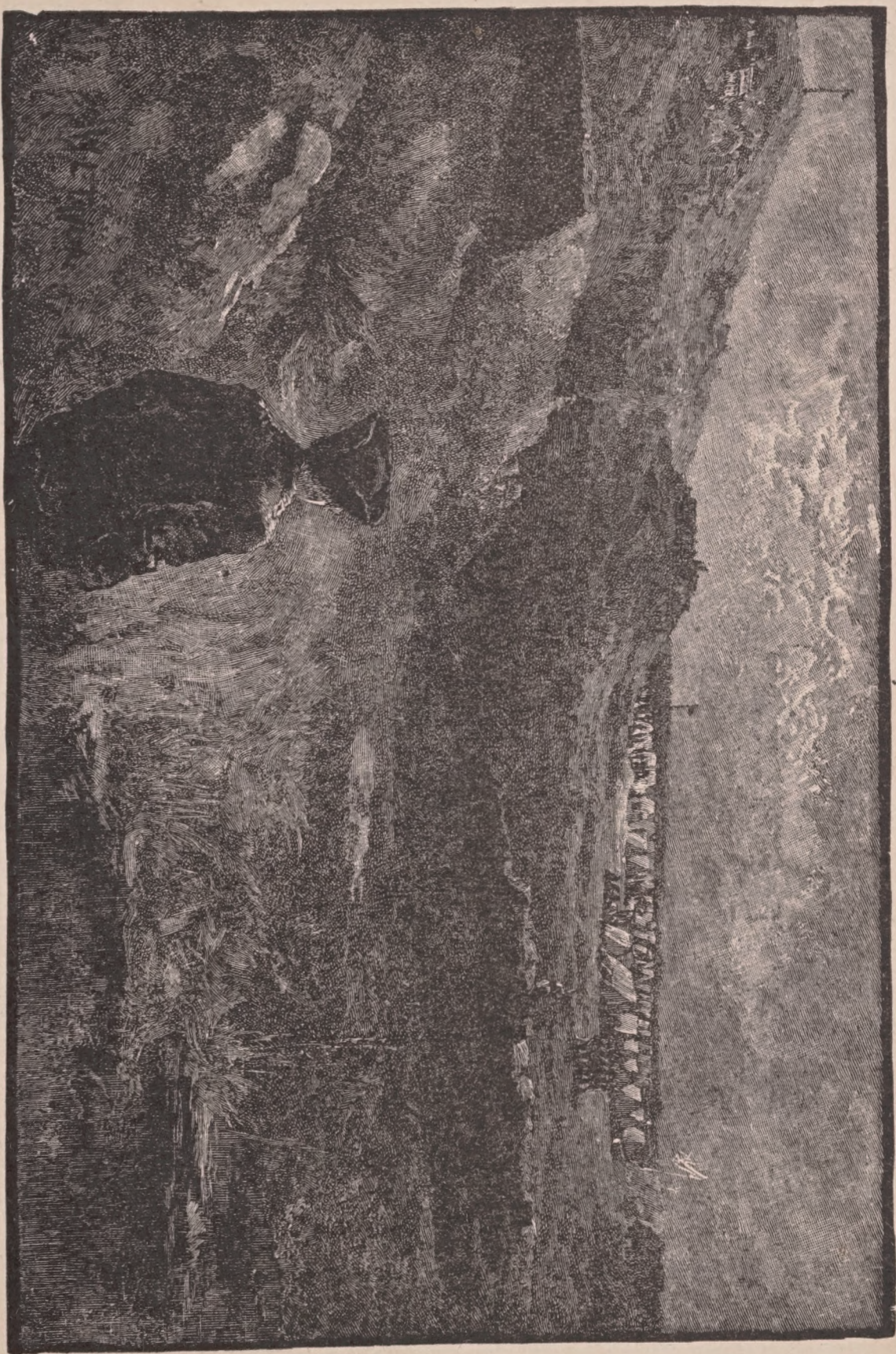
One of the rooms below was brightly lighted. In it, doubtless, at this very moment, his cousins and aunt were sitting. He would go up and present himself at once. He took a step forward, but

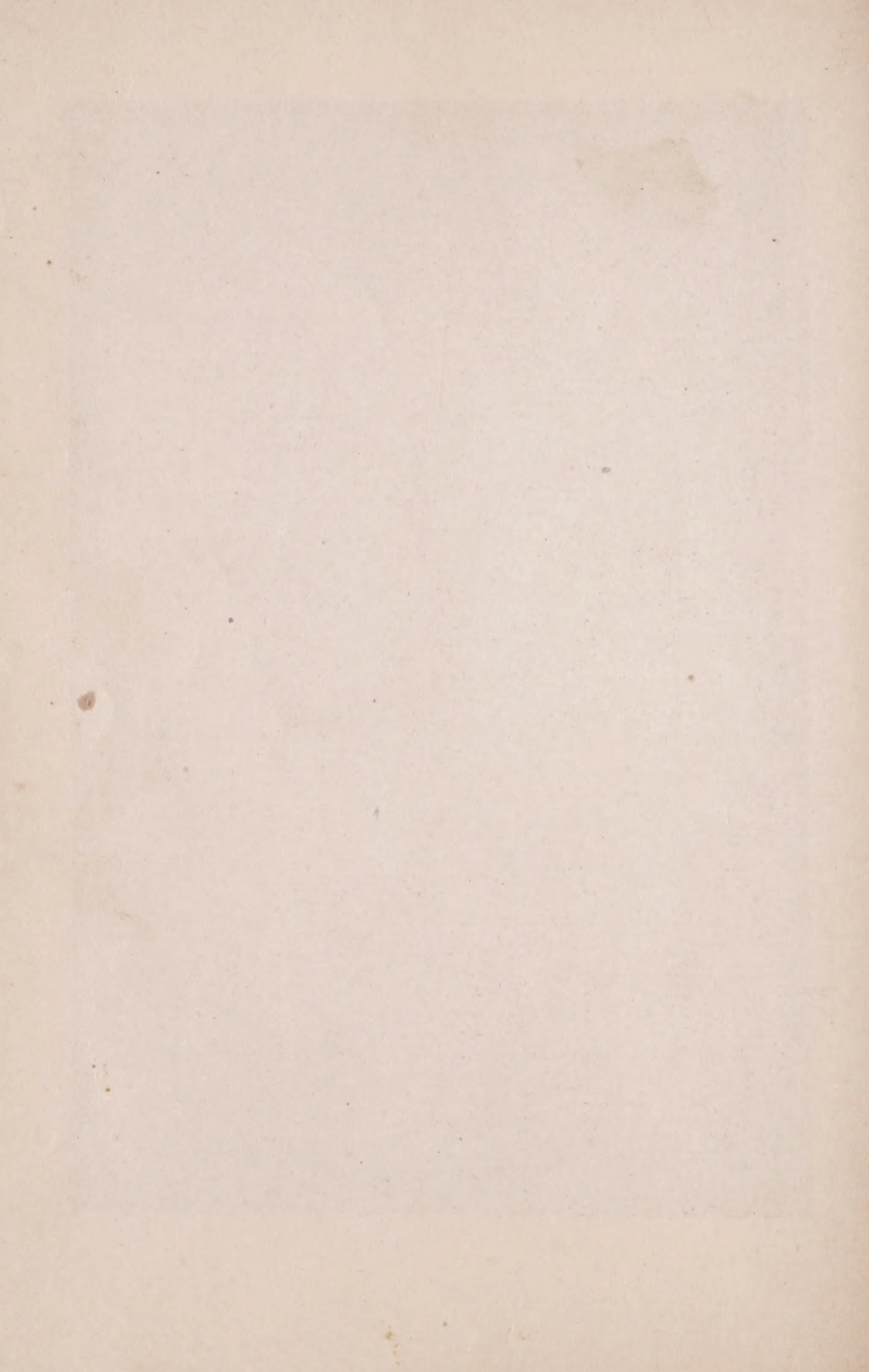
then he stopped. His aunt ! Somehow or other, as he thought of her, a kind of chill fell upon him. He had heard her described often by his father — a tall, dignified lady, one, who, though her excellencies were not few, was proud, cold, haughty, and difficult of access. The vision of such an one rose before his mind's eye now, and he halted before it abashed. And this lady was a conspicuous royalist, who despised all enemies of the King, and who had publicly disowned her husband's brother and all who belonged to him, on account of his well-known rebel sentiments. Could it be possible that she would not receive him ? — would turn him out of doors ?

Gervaise had hardly thought seriously of such a possibility up to this moment ; but he thought of it now, and fully realized its likelihood. Then, suddenly, as he looked doubtfully toward the house, there fell for an instant upon one of the curtains of the lighted room a tall, erect shadow, moving stiffly across it.

At the sight the boy started, and instinctively drew back outside the gate. He laughed at him-

A FEW STEPS FARTHER BROUGHT HIM IN SUDDEN VIEW OF THE COMMON.





self the next moment, but none the less he acknowledged to himself that he was afraid to meet his aunt.

“True as I live,” said he, “I don’t dare go in now I’ve got here. What a poltroon I am! But I’m perfectly certain now that she won’t have anything to do with me. What in the world am I to do?”

At this instant, in the midst of his perplexity, the sound of girlish voices attracted his attention and told him that somebody was coming along the street, although the deep shadow cast by the line of trees prevented him from seeing them. Then suddenly, as he listened, the sounds were mingled with the rougher tones of men’s voices. A moment later he heard a shout, and a coarse laugh; there was a scream and a cry for help; and then there appeared in view a short distance away two feminine forms, closely followed by two men, the latter laughing and cursing as they ran.

At this sight Master Gervaise, who a moment before had been calling himself a poltroon, and had been in such a flutter at the sight of a shadow

upon a curtain, instantly forgot all about himself and his troubles, and flew into an uncontrollable rage in behalf of somebody else.

“Why,” cried he, “if here aren’t a couple of great hulking fellows insulting some ladies, and frightening them out of their senses.”

With that he started toward the group, which had now come to a stand beneath the trees. The two ladies — Gervaise saw as he drew near that they were mere girls — had halted, breathless and terrified, and were clinging to each other near the fence. Their pursuers, two stout fellows in the scarlet uniform of the King’s troops, were close upon them.

Gervaise, fairly beside himself, rushed past the girls and threw himself headlong upon the foremost of the men.

“Oh, you villains!” he shouted. “Oh, you cowards! You scoundrels!”

And he clutched wildly at the fellow’s throat, with a vague notion, perhaps, of dragging him to the ground, and tearing him to pieces on the spot.

The man himself, up to this moment hardly

aware of the presence of another person, finding himself thus fiercely attacked, drew back bewildered and astonished. Then he seized his youthful assailant by the shoulders, and with one powerful wrench tore him from his hold and hurled him violently against the fence.

Gervaise was on his feet again instantly, however, and placing himself before the girls, again confronted their assailants, almost ready to cry with rage and mortification. And although he did not renew the attack — experience had taught him the folly of that — he gave free rein to his tongue.

“Oh, you cowards!” he cried again, his voice high-pitched and trembling. “So this is your trade, is it, insulting ladies in the public ways, just because they chance to be without a protector? Ah!” He shook his head in impotent wrath. “If I were only a few pounds heavier, I’d take your two heads and knock ’em together until you couldn’t see out of your eyes! True as I live, I would!”

And he stood there glaring at the men, not one

bit afraid of them at least, though he might be powerless.

At this point, the second of the two, he who had had no part in the encounter, laid his hand on his companion's arm.

"Why, Oliver, man," said he, "where are your eyes? Don't ye see the young gentleman is an officer from one o' the ships?" Then he turned to Gervaise with an air of complete humility. "We beg your pardon, sir. We meant no harm. We thought 'twas a couple of servant girls going home with the wash; and we ran after them a moment just for the sport of it. And my comrade here, he didn't have time to see you was in uniform, sir, you jumped on him so quick. And with your Honor's permission, we'll just go on about our business."

He drew his companion back as he finished, and the two whirled about and disappeared, glad enough, no doubt, to get away without being recognized or questioned by the supposed officer.

Our hero, with no further thought of them, turned to the two girls. They were still standing

by the fence, though now in a more natural attitude ; and in spite of the fact, now first noticed by him, that a large basket stood on the ground beside them — which they had evidently been carrying between them, and which had doubtless helped to deceive the soldiers as to their quality—he saw at once that they had the dress and air of ladies. They seemed to him one about his own age, and the other perhaps a year younger ; and there was something about them that suggested the thought of their being sisters. It occurred to Gervaise instantly that they might be his cousins. His hat came off, and he made a low bow as he addressed them.

“I hope that you ladies are none the worse for this encounter ? ” he began.

“Oh, dear, no ! ” at once cried the younger of the two. “We are almost frightened to death, that is all. We are *so* much beholden to you, sir, for your brave interference. Ugh ! Those horrid soldiers ! I am all out of breath this minute with running and fright.”

Then the other of the two, with something more

of dignity, but not less sincerely, added her acknowledgments to those of her sister.

“Indeed, sir,” she said, with a ladylike courtesy, “we are deeply grateful to you for interfering so nobly in our behalf.” Her speech, as well as her manner, had in it something of the primness that characterized the time. “It would have been extremely unpleasant for us had you not come up as you did. Those men acted very strangely for soldiers of the King.”

“Strangely!” exclaimed the younger girl. “*I* don’t think they acted strangely at all, Dolly. They acted as the King’s soldiers have always acted in this town. They are a horrid, brutal, domineering set; and for my part, I shall be thankful when the people rise up and drive them all into the ocean — as they will do before long.”

“You forget, Patty,” said the other young lady indulgently, evidently accustomed to such warm expressions of opinion on the part of her companion, “that it is to one of the King’s soldiers that you are speaking this minute and to whom we owe our deliverance.”

"Oh," observed Patty, with an arch glance. "*He* isn't a soldier. He is a sailor — and wouldn't mind being driven into the ocean at all."

She evidently knew a naval uniform when she saw it, even by the light of the moon.

Gervaise laughed awkwardly. From the names these young ladies had used in addressing each other, he felt certain now that they were his cousins; but he suddenly found himself put rather less at his ease than more so by the fact.

"I certainly have a sailor's uniform on, if that makes a sailor," he replied. "And I think I *should* mind being driven into the sea, so I hope the young lady," (he bowed to Patty,) "doesn't mean quite all she says. As for my coming up as I did, I — I just happened to be about here and I heard your cries, and so I hurried up as fast as I could."

He was all the while trying to make up his mind just how he had best declare himself to them.

"It was very brave of you, sir; and we thank you ever so much," the elder girl again said.

"Yes, indeed!" joined in Miss Patty. "It was

very brave and — and splendid. We thank you *ever* so much."

Miss Dolly seemed now suddenly to realize that the interview could not properly be farther prolonged; and taking her sister's arm, she saluted their preserver with another courtesy.

"But we must not keep the gentleman, Patty. Permit us to thank you once more, sir, and to bid you good evening."

Then, before Gervaise was well aware of their intention, they had taken up their basket again, and were moving away.

The lad looked after them in dismay. What! Were they going off, leaving him out here in the street no better off than he had been before they appeared? He felt that this must not be, and he started after them.

"Oh, I say, now!" he cried, almost piteously. "You must let me carry the basket for you. Really you must."

And he laid hold of the basket desperately.

"Why," declared the elder girl, halting, and betraying some embarrassment, "it is nothing but

some dishes and things that we were bringing back from old Mammy Stout's in Frog Lane. We can easily carry it, sir. We are right here at our own gate."

"But," pleaded the lad, maintaining his hold upon the basket, "you must let me take it up to the house for you." And he blurted out the truth. "Why, I was just *going* there, when you came along. I give you my word I was. I was coming to see you. *I am your cousin!*"

"Our cousin!"

The girls stopped short and gasped out the words together, looking at him in amazement.

"Yes," Gervaise eagerly went on, "I am your cousin Gervaise — Gervaise Brenshaw. *Now* may I go up to the house with you?"

He put out his hand, and enjoying their innocent wonder, gave utterance to a peal of boyish laughter. He felt quite sure at least that these two kindly-spoken cousins would not disown him; and since he should now go up to the house in their company, his misgivings as to his aunt's reception of him seemed also to vanish.

“Go up to the house with us!” cried the young ladies, with one delighted voice. “Indeed, you may, if you are really our cousin Gervaise!”

“For, indeed, we are hardly able to believe it, all at once so,” declared Dolly breathlessly.

“No,” said Patty, with an appearance of being dazed. “I *don't* believe it. I do think I am only dreaming this minute, and have been all the time, about those soldiers, and all.”

“But you are heartily welcome, cousin Gervaise,” continued Dolly, “if it is really you — welcome to Boston and to our house. Come, then! We will go in at once, that our mother may also welcome you. She will be delighted, you may be sure. We speak of you very frequently, and have often wished we might see you here, though we never have supposed it possible that you should come. How long have you been in this part of the world?”

They had now entered the gateway, and were walking up the path.

“In this part of the world?” repeated Gervaise absently. “Oh, not very long.”

He was thinking of what she had just before told him. So they spoke of him often and wished that he were here. This was good news, surely ; and his aunt must be a very different person, after all, from what he had been led to think.

“We heard that you had entered the Royal navy,” Patty put in briskly. “But we little thought your ship would ever bring you in this direction.”

“Eh?” uttered Gervaise. He repeated the words to himself. “Heard I was in the Royal navy! What does the girl mean?” He looked down at his uniform. Then he laughed, believing she had spoken in jest. “It’s quite a joke,” said he, “how I came by my uniform. I’ll tell you about it when we get into the house.”

At that instant, as they mounted the steps of the terrace and approached those of the house itself, the front door opened, and the figure of a lady appeared, clearly defined against the background of light.

Gervaise started involuntarily. It was the figure that he had seen upon the curtain, the tall,

rigid, imposing outline that had always seemed to stand before him when he thought of his Tory aunt. In spite of what Dolly had said, his heart sank again within him.

"Oh," cried Patty, impulsively, "there is mamma now. I must go and tell her who it is that is come."

She left her new-found cousin with her sister, and ran forward up the steps.

A moment later Dolly and Gervaise mounted the steps also, and entered within the door.

"Mamma," cried Dolly, "*this* is cousin Gervaise. Isn't it wonderful?"

Then as our hero looked up at the tall, pale lady who stood there, and felt her dry hand take his, and heard the cold, formal tones in which she spoke to him, his former fears returned overwhelmingly upon him. And her words themselves, though in point of fact she meant them to be very gracious, made his confusion and helplessness complete.

"So you are my young nephew, Gervaise Brenshaw, the son of my husband's brother, Sir Ger-

vaise Brenshaw of Brenshaw Hall. You are welcome, my dear boy, to our humble home here in America — doubly welcome in that you come from the old country and wear the livery of your King. I would that *all* of our family were as loyal as you to their rightful sovereign. Alas, that your father's younger brother has proved himself a traitor to his King! ”

These words as Gervaise listened to them still bending over the lady's hand, affected him not simply because they assured him that after all Madam Brenshaw cherished toward his father the bitterness of feeling that he had at first supposed, but also because they revealed to him a most astonishing fact beyond this. They had mistaken him — naturally enough considering all the circumstances and the uniform he wore — for his young English cousin of the same name, a midshipman in His Majesty's Navy. It was Gervaise Brenshaw of England, not Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia, whom they had talked of so often and so much desired to see ; it was Gervaise Brenshaw of England whom they supposed to have come to

them now ; it was Gervaise Brenshaw of England whom the loyal lady of the house was so imposingly receiving at this moment. Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia shuddered as he thought how chilling a thing that welcome would become should he declare to this very stately lady who he really was.

Declare to her who he really was ! He *could not* do it. Plucky and ready young fellow as he has in these pages already shown himself to be, he was mortally afraid of this woman, his aunt, and stood dumb and terror-stricken before her. He knew not what to do or say ; and, indeed, he was hardly capable of doing or saying anything just then. He was obliged to hold up his head at length ; but it was only to cast about him a dazed, despairing look. What would have happened next in that unlucky moment had not a sudden diversion occurred, it is impossible to say.

But at that instant Patty uttered a little scream and seized his arm.

“ Oh ! oh ! oh ! ” she cried piteously, pointing to his head. “ He has been hurt. He was thrown

against the fence. His head is all bleeding. And we keeping him here talking in this way. Ah ! see how pale he is ! ”

“ Oh,” said Gervaise, glad to be able to say anything, “ I — I don’t think the cut is much. I haven’t felt it until this moment. Nevertheless,” he added suddenly, seeing an opportunity for the present, at least, to escape from his embarrassing position, “ I think I do feel a trifle dizzy and — and confused. I think I would like to lie down. if it is quite convenient.

“ Of course you shall, my poor boy,” Madam Brenshaw declared. “ You shall go to bed at once and not have to say another word to-night. But ought you not to have a physician ? ”

But Gervaise insisted that he needed nothing but cold water for his head and immediate rest ; so, preceded by old Ptolemy, the chief of the family servants, and followed by many looks and words of anxious commiseration from his aunt and cousins, he presently took his way up-stairs, with something the feelings of a condemned criminal, yet of a criminal for a while reprieved.

CHAPTER IV.

A SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST.

G ERVAISE, once in his room and no longer in the presence of the aunt who was so dreadful to him, had been able to put away for a time the difficulties of his position ; and being tired and beginning to feel indeed some ill effects from the blow upon his head (although it was not a serious matter), he had gone at once to bed and slept soundly the night through.

When he awoke in the morning the sun was shining brightly. He opened his eyes and looked around, not at first remembering where he was. The room was a large and pleasant one, carpeted (as was the case with very few bedrooms in those days) and supplied with heavy mahogany furniture. The sight of his reefer's jacket hanging over one of the chairs recalled to him the events

of the night before. Immediately he began laughing to himself. Of all the queer positions that he had ever gotten himself into, surely this was the queerest. Here he was—he, Ger-vaise Brenshaw of Virginia, as arrant a young rebel as was to be found in all the thirteen colonies—securely housed in the heart of the enemy's city, comfortably ensconced in the best bedroom of his tory aunt, and taken by her, without any warrant from his own lips whatever, for his English cousin, the son of the head of the family, and an embryo baronet himself. He laughed again quite out loud as he thought of it. It seemed very funny to him this morning, though he had thought it a serious enough matter the night before. Things look differently to all of us perhaps when we awake in the morning, with vigor renewed and spirits restored and the sun shining in at the window.

And what was he to do about it, now that he must go down-stairs again and face them all once more? He asked himself the question to be sure; but he asked it lightly enough and answered

it as lightly. What was he to do about it? Well, where was the need of doing *anything* about it? If his aunt and cousins chose to think him somebody else, need he object? He might let them think so — for a little while. It would be a harmless joke enough and was likely to make his visit all the more entertaining both to them and to himself. Then came a knock at the door and Ptolemy's voice outside informing him that breakfast would be ready in half an hour.

“All right,” Gervaise called out in reply. “I will rise to the occasion.”

He dressed himself leisurely, whistling all the while in contented mood and moving about the room and examining this or that article on its walls or shelves that interested him. He went and stood at the window by and by, looking out on the lawn bright with the sunlight, inviting with long, cool shadows. And something about its peace and stillness seemed to strike him.

“Upon my word,” he said to himself, “I had forgotten all about its being Sunday.”

He stood there thoughtfully, not a little ashamed

of his forgetfulness, for he had been well taught at home.

“I do believe,” he mused presently, “that Nature herself is different on Sunday mornings. There’s a sort of solemnness and hush about everything that tells you it is Sunday, even if you didn’t know it. I never thought of it before, but I think I understand now what it means when we are told to remember the Sabbath day and *keep* it holy. It is holy already and we have only to *keep* it so by not doing anything wicked or unholy on that day, to break its holiness. Well,” he added, after a long pause, though the connection of his thought with what he had before been saying was sufficiently obvious, “I don’t see that there is anything *very* wrong in letting them suppose I am cousin Gervaise from England, if they want to. It isn’t as though I wasn’t their cousin at all. And I can’t get myself turned out of doors just because of Aunt Brenshaw’s absurd prejudices. I can let it go just for a day or two, and then when she gets acquainted with me I will frankly tell her the truth and make her forgive me.”

Gervaise had implicit confidence in his ability to make people forgive him his faults when they came to know him: a confidence, it may as well be said, that was not on the whole a misplaced one.

When he had completed his toilet he stood a moment contemplating his image in the glass. His borrowed costume seemed to fit him perfectly and was really a very becoming one. A jaunty blue jacket with a broad, rolling collar and adorned with anchor buttons; a white kerseymere waistcoat beneath; blue breeches that stopped not at the knee after the land fashion of the time, but continued on and fell in flowing proportions about the shoe; this was the general make-up of a midshipman of the navy of George the Third. Gervaise, viewing the reflection of himself thus attired, saluted it with complacent satisfaction.

“Good-morning to you, Master Gervaise Brenshaw, son of Sir Gervaise Brenshaw, of Brenshaw Hall, County Cumberland, England, Midshipman in His Majesty’s Navy,” cried he gayly. “I’m delighted to see you on this side of the water.



THE SUNDAY MORNING BREAKFAST.

You're a very fair-looking sort of fellow, I must say — every inch an officer and heir to a baronetcy. There's the breakfast bell this minute ! You will go down now and make yourself agreeable to your aunt and cousins. You need have no fears at all of their not liking you however. There's nothing like a title and a King's uniform to please the ladies."

He found his aunt and cousins waiting for him in the library below. Madame Brenshaw greeted him with a cordial, though stately, good-morning, and inquired after his health. The two girls too, looking deliciously cool and nice in their fresh morning gowns, advanced prettily to meet him and hoped he was feeling none the worse this morning for his last night's adventure. He was here introduced, too, to the young ladies' governess, Mrs. Eden, a quiet, refined person whom he felt sure he should like. They went at once out to a rear hall where Prayers were held—to which all the servants were summoned—and then passed into the dining-room for breakfast.

"It seems strange to have you here," Madame

Brenshaw said to our hero, as soon as they were seated. "I am scarcely able as yet to realize that it is you: you came upon us so suddenly and unexpectedly last night, and then went off upstairs so quickly. But we shall have opportunities to become well acquainted, I hope. You must be with us as much as your duties on shipboard will possibly permit. And there are a thousand questions, to begin with, that I shall want to ask you, about Sir Gervaise, and Lady Brenshaw, and about the old home in England. It is many years now since I have seen them."

"I am sure, my dear aunt," Gervaise replied, as he helped himself to the fish Ptolemy at that moment brought him, "I shall be glad to answer your questions to the best of my ability."

He bethought himself here, however, with something of a tremor, that his ability in this direction would be extremely limited, and that he would have to depend largely upon what he could remember of his father's accounts of Brenshaw Hall and his relatives there.

"Yet I must not omit to thank you," she contin-

ued, as she arranged the cups before her, "for the noble service you did us last evening. Your cousins should not have been out so late; and your arrival was most timely. It was a gallant act on your part; just what might be expected from an officer of the King."

"It is not what *I* should expect from *some* of them," cried Patty energetically. "Imagine Mr. Wigglesworth, for instance, throwing himself upon those men as cousin Gervaise did. He would have been more likely to climb up into a tree."

The Mr. Wigglesworth referred to was a young ensign of their acquaintance, who sometimes called at the house, and of whose soldierly qualities Miss Patty had not, it would seem, a particularly high opinion.

"I am glad, at any rate, that you were not seriously hurt," his aunt went on, showing her disapproval of Patty's interruption by taking no notice of it. "The cut upon your head is hardly to be seen this morning. But I have had some tea made. I thought it would be better for you

this morning. Ptolemy"—to the old negro who had replaced himself behind her chair—"take Master Brenshaw this cup of tea."

"I thank you, Aunt Brenshaw, but I don't think I care for it this morning," Gervaise said in some embarrassment. It was difficult, under the circumstances, to decline; but tea drinking was something which as a good American he could not possibly indulge in, not even to keep up his character as an English midshipman. He felt the need of explaining his refusal in some way however and did so readily enough. "I have quite gotten out of the habit of drinking tea lately," he said. "As a general thing they give us such slops on board ship."

"I suppose," Patty remarked mischievously, "that they dip the water up out of the river and give you that for tea. You know a large number of tea chests were emptied into the harbor not very long ago."

"That," Madame Brenshaw severely declared, "was an act of folly which is only equalled by the foolishness of those who, for political reasons,

refuse to drink tea at all. They spite themselves more than they do the King.'

"Oh, if you mean me, mamma," said Patty placidly, "*I* don't spite myself at all in refusing it. I don't like it, nowadays. It has too strong a taste of injustice and oppression."

"I am sorry to say," Madame Brenshaw resumed to her nephew, with an air of apology, "that your younger cousin is sorely lacking in those sentiments of loyalty and reverence for the King that would be proper in her. I fear, Eden," — this to the governess — "that Patty's attention has not been sufficiently called to that portion of her 'duty towards her neighbor,' which bids her honor and obey the civil authority, and submit herself to her lawful governors."

"I am sure, Madame," Mrs. Eden respectfully replied, "that Miss Patty has been duly taught everything that the catechism has to say upon the subject."

"By the way, cousin Gervaise," Dolly here said to her cousin, with a view perhaps to changing the subject, "you have not told us yet just how it is

that you come to be here, and what ship you belong to."

"Oh," cried Patty, "I do hope you belong to one of the *big* ships. It must be ever so much nicer to sail in a big ship."

"How would the *Somerset* suit you?" inquired Gervaise.

He knew almost nothing about the ships in the harbor himself; for that matter he did not know very much about any ships, but he took it for granted that his cousins were at least as ignorant as himself.

"The *Somerset*?" said Dolly. "Oh, yes; she is a large ship."

"How many guns has she?" Patty asked her cousin.

"Oh," said he, "I don't know exactly! A hundred or so, maybe!"

"A hundred!" exclaimed Dolly. "Why, the papers said sixty-eight."

"Well," said Gervaise, "perhaps you are right. I haven't really counted 'em one by one."

"Perhaps, too," suggested Patty, laughing,

"some of them have *gone off* since they were counted."

"But the *Somerset* has been over here ever so long," Dolly continued reproachfully. "Do you mean to say you have been with her all the time and not been to see us until now?"

"Why, no," returned Gervaise in confusion. "You see — that is — well, I've only just joined her men, you know."

"Your cousin came over, no doubt, with the re-enforcements that have just arrived," Madame Brenshaw observed to Dolly.

Gervaise smiled. He had read in the Worcester paper of the arrival on the twenty-fifth of May of the *Cerberus* with the three English generals on board, and a fleet of transports.

"You see," he explained jocosely, "things were getting pretty serious over here, so His Majesty thought best to send over Howe and Clinton and Burgoyne and myself to take them in hand. You may depend upon it there will be something done now."

"Oh, no doubt," cried Patty. "We have heard

that the English generals brought their fishing-tackle with them, expecting to go fishing every day and catch a lot of fish."

"Why, Patty," her sister remonstrated, "you know that these are the King's best generals. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that they will not soon put an end to this trouble. General Burgoyne has served in Portugal; and everybody says he is a great soldier. You know what he said when the packet met them as they were coming in and told them that the town was besieged: 'Let *us* get in there and we'll soon find elbow-room?'"

Dolly was thoroughly loyal herself and believed fully in the invincibility of the royal troops.

"He doesn't seem to have found it yet," retorted Patty. "He seems to have made up his mind to stay here in town for a while and ride about the streets on horseback."

"We may be sure," Madame Brenshaw here felt called upon to declare, "that when the proper time arrives, something will be done. It is hardly probable that a mob of ill-armed, ignorant peasantry can keep ten thousand disciplined troops

shut up here any longer than they wish to remain."

"I should think not!" exclaimed our hero, thinking that some decided expression from himself had become necessary.

"Indeed!" rejoined Patty with flashing eyes, "that remains to be seen, perhaps. It was only a few weeks ago that they were planning to make a sally and were frightened out of it by General Thomas with only seven hundred men—marching them round and round a hill at Roxbury until the English thought there were seven thousand."

"An army that is obliged to resort to such means to deceive the enemy as to its force is certainly not greatly to be feared," observed Madame Brenshaw, with logic not entirely faultless.

"They'll find they can't use their men over again that way when it comes to fighting," asserted Gervaise looking at his cousin.

He thought Patty's rebel wrath exceedingly becoming to her.

"I am sure at least," she hotly rejoined, "that every one of them would be *willing* to die a thou-

sand times rather than submit to the wicked injustice of the King."

"Patty," her mother sternly admonished her, "I must ask you not to speak of the King at all unless you can do so in decent and proper language. I am deeply mortified that our cousin from England should hear such sentiments in this house as those you have chosen to utter. *Our* branch of the house, I would have him believe, is a thoroughly loyal one."

"Is it true, Aunt Brenshaw," Gervaise asked, apropos of the allusion which her emphasis rather than her words seemed to make, "what we have heard of the younger brother, that he is disposed to take sides with the colonies against the King?"

"Alas," was the reply, "I regret to say that it is but too true. Mr. Edward Brenshaw has from the first been notoriously active in every movement looking to a rupture between us and the mother-country."

"But he would hardly be able to bear arms against us? He was disabled, was he not, in the old French War?"

“Yes ; but he possesses wealth and influence, and can do even more harm with these.”

“Let me see,” pursued Gervaise, much interested in the subject, “he has a son, hasn’t he — of the same name as myself ? ”

“Yes ; and of about the same age, if I remember rightly. I have never seen him, nor do I care to. No doubt he has grown up imbued with the same seditious sentiments as his father. We really know little about them. There has been no correspondence between us for several years.” Then Madame Brenshaw changed her tone and the subject. “But we will not talk of them. Indeed I have thought it best to forbid the mention of your uncle’s name in this house : he can be nothing to us now, since he has renounced his allegiance to his sovereign. Let us speak rather of *your* home and family, of Sir Gervaise and your lady mother. We have always lived in the hope of seeing them ; but your uncle Matthew’s health never permitted an ocean voyage, and since his death it has seemed more than ever impossible.”

Then Madame Brenshaw launched forth into a

series of questions as to the family in England and the affairs there — the answers to which shall not be given here since they were derived only from the family hearsay although they proved familiar to our hero. The conversation was joined in of course by the young ladies, and lasted, much to Gervaise's discomfort, until the end of the meal.

Nor will it be possible to dwell here upon the farther events of the day, interesting enough of themselves but not essential to the story, which must hasten on. Madame Brenshaw and Miss Dolly attended church in the morning; but Gervaise, not deeming it prudent to appear at King's Chapel (where most of the royal officers were in the habit of attending service) in his borrowed uniform, pleaded the slight remnant of a headache as an excuse for remaining at home; and Patty kindly stayed with him, reading aloud, to their mutual edification, a sermon of good old Bishop Andrews. The afternoon was spent very quietly within doors; and in the evening they sat together on the piazza until the moon arose. Gervaise began

already to feel at home in the house and looked forward to his stay there with decided pleasure. The young people separated that night with an agreement to meet again in the lower hall at four o'clock the next morning in order to go out together to the top of Beacon Hill to see the sunrise. Patty laughingly declared that she knew she should have to come around to her cousin's door to awake him ; but Gervaise insisted that he was able to wake himself at any given minute if he really wished to do so and that he was certain to be up in time.

CHAPTER V.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AGAIN.

NEXT morning Gervaise did not awake of his own accord. He was right in the midst of a truly horrible dream in which he thought his Aunt Brenshaw had discovered his real identity and was declaring her intention of giving him up to General Gage at once and having him hung as a spy, when he was aroused by a sharp knock at the door, and the peremptory summons of a female voice. At first he thought that Madame herself was really come to accuse him ; but presently he realized that it was only his cousin Patty awaking him, according to her promise.

“Come, come, sir,” she cried. “There are only just fifteen minutes before sunrise. That gives seven for you to dress in and eight for us to get to the Hill. Do you hear?”

So Gervaise dressed himself as quickly as he could and went down. The tall clock on the landing of the stair pointed to a quarter after four. He found the young ladies sitting on the front steps, ready and waiting. Patty shook her finger at him.

"Fie, cousin Gervaise," she cried. "This is the way you wake yourself, is it? I should like to know how you manage it on board ship."

"They don't get up so early as this on board ship," yawned Gervaise.

"I suppose not. No doubt you all lie abed as late as you please. I am beginning to think that the King's officers don't do much except *play* at being soldiers and sailors. We were saying last night that you didn't look half as salt and weatherbeaten as we expected. And to think of your not knowing the number of guns on your own ship!"

Miss Patty laughed out at him right merrily.

"Never mind about that now, Patty," Dolly interposed anxiously. Dolly was the care-taker of the family. "If we do not start at once the sun will rise before we get there."

“True enough,” said Patty. “The sun will not wait even for one of His Majesty’s midshipmen” — with another saucy glance at our hero.

It was a beautiful morning, or at least it gave promise of becoming such as soon as the rays of sun should come to touch its beauties into life and completeness. The air was still and cool as the night had left it, and delicious with the scents of June; the dew glittered upon the grass; the birds sang gladly in the treetops. Amid such a scene it was impossible for three young people, full of health and free from any care, not to be happy too. They laughed and talked and sang as they walked along — out the gate and down the street beneath the elms. They seemed to themselves a part of the morning scene.

The walk to the Hill was a short one, and they presently climbed its eastern ascent and arrived beside the beacon which crowned it, and from which it had its name. This beacon consisted of a tall mast firmly fixed in the earth, freely supplied with spokes by which to climb to its top where was placed a great iron skeleton basket or frame, to

hold a cask of pitch or tar which, visible far and wide, would when fired quickly convey an alarm to the surrounding country. Gervaise examined the structure with boyish interest, climbing half-way up the mast and from there getting a magnificent view in every direction. From this elevated position he was able first to announce the actual appearance of the day-god of whose coming the rosy tints of sky and mist had already given signal; and then, descending to the ground, he joined the rest and they stood together watching with awe and delight that wondrous spectacle which occurs every day upon which no price is set, than which there is no sight in all heaven and earth more grand and beautiful, and yet which so few of us ever take the pains to witness.

And while they watched, hardly speaking to one another save now and then to utter a word of admiration or to call attention to some particular beauty of the scene, suddenly from one of the warships in the harbor below came the dull boom of a sunrise gun; then another and another; and as they looked, to the peak of one tall mast and an-

other that raised itself above the harbor-mists, a little ball of bunting shot up and then, quickly opening itself to the morning breeze, displayed the gorgeous ensign of England with its scarlet cross of St. George.

"Ah!" murmured Dolly in a subdued voice, "is it not a beautiful sight all together — first this magnificent sunrise and then, as though by way of salute to its glories, the guns and colors from the ships."

"Humph!" declared her sister, whose enjoyment of the scene had been disturbed rather than enhanced by the introduction of this human element, "I think the sunrise would have done very well without the flags and noise and smoke. They seem to me very much like an impertinence at such a time." Then she added with a look and tone that showed how strong, in spite of her youth, were her feelings in the matter, "I wonder how long it will be before that proud ensign shall be lowered never to be raised again in this part of the world."

"Hush, Patty," whispered Dolly, casting an

anxious glance at their cousin as if she feared that his feelings might be wounded by the utterance on her sister's part of such disloyal sentiments.

But Gervaise did not appear particularly sensitive on the subject. "What an uncompromising little rebel you are, Patty," he laughingly said. "I hope you don't mean to take up arms yourself, if it really comes to fighting."

"I wish I *could* take up arms myself," Patty avowed with emphasis.

"Then I should not want to meet you in battle. I should lay down mine instantly, and surrender without a word."

Patty did not seem to be in a jesting mood at the moment, so Gervaise turned away presently to look at the town about him, of which the best possible idea could be gotten from the position they occupied. He took out his Map of Boston to help fix the different localities. After a moment Dolly came and looked over his shoulder.

"Why," said she, "you have a map of the town there, haven't you? How nice! Did you do it?"

"Why, no," Gervaise answered, somewhat em-

barrassed, "no, I can't say I did exactly. It was done by another fellow, a — a midshipman." This, to the best of his knowledge and belief, was the truth. "I thought it might be useful to me in finding your house."

"Oh, is our house on it? Pray let me look. Why, isn't it nice? Here are all the streets. Let's see, here is Beacon street and Tremont street and — yes, here *is* our house. You have marked it with a pencil, haven't you?"

"Eh?" said Gervaise. He took back the map and looked at it. "Is that where your house is?" He looked at it a moment, and then gave it back. "It is only an accidental mark," said he carelessly.

"Cousin Gervaise," here Patty called out to him from a short distance away. "The mists have lifted now so that the hulls of the ships are quite plainly to be seen. I want you to come and point me out the *Somerset*."

Gervaise did not seem in any haste to respond to this call. He took his map again from Dolly, who had done with it, and appeared to be very

THE MORNING MEETING ON BEACON HILL.



busy rolling it up. But Patty called him again, and he was obliged to go to her.

"Which is the *Somerset*?" Patty repeated.

"Oh, bother the *Somerset*!" said Gervaise lightly. "I don't want to see or hear of the *Somerset* again, while I am ashore!"

"Well, but *I* want to see her," persisted Patty. "Won't you point her out to me, please?"

"I don't know that I can tell her myself," replied Gervaise — without taking the trouble to look, however. "Ships all look alike, you know, a little way off."

"But I should think a sailor ought to know his own ship as far as he could see her," said Patty positively.

"Not if she is *too* far away," pronounced Gervaise.

"Then she isn't among any of these that we can see plainly?"

Gervaise threw a careless glance over the vessels closer at hand. "No," said he, shaking his head, "I don't see any ship near us that looks to me like the *Somerset*."

"Well, then," said Patty, "tell me the names of some of these. What one is that — that big one off there?" She pointed toward one of the largest, that lay over near the Charlestown ferry, above whose quarter-deck a small blue-and-white flag was flying.

"That?" said Gervaise gravely, "that is the *Polyhedron*."

"The *Polyhedron*?" repeated Patty discontentedly. She was not sufficiently versed in mathematics to know what the word really meant, but it did not sound quite right to her. "Well; and what is that flag for — that blue-and-white one over the cabin?"

"Why," answered Gervaise, not having the remotest idea as to the true meaning of the flag, and again taking refuge behind an absurdity, "that is a signal that the captain has turned over and gone to sleep again, and doesn't wish to be disturbed for another half hour."

Patty pouted. This was too much even for her ignorance. "Now, cousin Gervaise," said she reproachfully, "you ought not to poke fun at me

just because I am a girl. I want to *know* about them. You ought to tell me when I ask you. That is," she added resentfully, "if you know yourself. I declare, I don't believe you *do* know. I don't think you are much of a sailor myself. You don't seem to know very much about your profession." She tossed her head and looked away again at the fleet.

But Dolly, who had drawn near, now came to the rescue. She also was very much interested in the subject of the ships in the fleet.

"*Please*, cousin Gervaise, do tell us the names of some of the ships," she entreated him. "Of course you must know about them."

"Oh," said Gervaise, "if it's a catalogue of ships you want, you must go to Homer."

"No ; but we want to know a few of them. Is the *Cerberus* anywhere in sight? And which is the *Glasgow*? — and the *Symmetry*? — and the *Falcon*? We have read the names of ever so many of them in the papers, but have never had anybody to point them out to us."

"I am acquainted with Captain Linzee of the

Falcon," said Patty. "I met him one evening at Mr. Byles's. He was very pleasant, too, and said he should be glad to see me on board his vessel."

"No doubt he would answer all your questions for you," Gervaise suggested.

"No doubt he would. And being a captain instead of a midshipman, I should have some confidence in what he told me. *He* will tell me which the *Somerset* is, I am sure."

"I beg your pardon; but did you wish to know which was the *Somerset*, man-o'-war?"

This last question, uttered by a strange voice close behind them, caused all three of the young people to turn about in astonishment since not one of them had had the faintest suspicion of the vicinity of another person. And the astonishment of one of the three, Master Gervaise, instantly grew to wonder — wonder almost amounting to a disbelief in the evidence of his own senses — as his eyes fell upon the newcomer.

A young gentleman of their own age, well made and well dressed, with a fine, deeply tanned face rather grave in its expression save that the eyes

seemed full of laughing humor, was standing there, hat in hand, bowing to the young ladies. What Gervaise saw more than his cousins and that so excited his wonder was that this face was the face of the strange young man whom he had met at the Sign of the Golden Ball, and that the clothes he wore — laced hat, coat of blue velvet, scarlet waistcoat, and breeches — were the very clothes that he himself had discarded two nights before in the boat on the river. He knew the person instantly, in spite of his altered and unlooked-for appearance; and he knew the clothes too, with perfect certainty, as one is apt to know one's own clothes that one has worn.

The two girls, thus unexpectedly accosted by an entire stranger, drew back a little and — Dolly haughtily, her sister with half-concealed curiosity — regarded the speaker. Amazement for the moment deprived our hero of the power of speech. The stranger himself, however, seemed perfectly master of himself and the situation.

“I beg your pardon,” he said again, in a pleasant voice just deepening into manliness, “but I

chanced to overhear your last words; and as I know the *Somerset* well, I could do no less than volunteer the information you seemed to desire. Permit me to tell you that the vessel here away — she with the triple tier of guns — is the *Somerset*."

His manner was so extremely respectful and courteous that it was impossible for the young ladies to be offended; and Patty was even surprised into a reply by what seemed to be an error in his honestly meant statement.

"Are you not mistaken, sir?" said she modestly. "That ship, we have been told, is the *Polyhedron*."

"The *Polyhedron*?" repeated the stranger, wrinkling his brow. "There is no such ship in His Majesty's navy — certainly none such on this station. The ship yonder is the *Somerset*. I know her as well as you know the house you live in."

"O," Patty ardently insisted, quite heedless of her sister's restraining hand laid upon her shoulder, "O, but it *can't* be the *Somerset*! This gentleman here is a midshipman on board the *Somerset*. And he says it is the *Polyhedron*."

"Ah!" murmured the stranger, glancing oddly

at Gervaise. "That alters the case. I can hardly expect my opinion in the matter to stand against that of '*a midshipman on board the Somerset.*' If this gentleman says yonder vessel is the *Polyhedron*" —

"Of course I say it is the *Polyhedron*!" our hero here savagely interrupted, having at length recovered his power of speech. He was filled with wrath at the amazing effrontery of this person in thus venturing to address himself and his cousins; yet at the same time, not knowing who he was, and remembering that he was aware of his own (Gervaise's) real identity, he realized that there might be some danger to himself in the presence of the stranger here. Nevertheless, in the matter of the vessel's name, with a certain grim humor he made up his mind to defend his absurdity. "Of course I say it is the *Polyhedron*," he declared.

The stranger turned and took another look at the vessel.

"Ah!" said he, with perfect seriousness, "I perceive now that I was mistaken. The vessel yonder is the *Polyhedron*."

"But," objected Patty, not comprehending so sudden and violent a conversion, "you just said that there was no such ship as the *Polyhedron*."

The stranger bowed gravely. "I beg leave then to correct myself," said he. "Of course a '*midshipman on board the Somerset*' must know more about it than a mere civilian." He glanced at his own apparel.

"I am sure," Dolly now interposed, not understanding all this at all, but keenly alive to the impropriety of standing and parleying in this way with a stranger, "I am sure it does not matter at all. We thank you, sir, for your trouble," and, with a slight inclination of the head, she was for drawing her sister away.

But Patty was not quite ready to go — not until she had asked one or two more questions.

"Perhaps," she said to the stranger, "since you have professed to know something of these matters, you can tell us what is the meaning of that blue-and-white flag over the vessel's stern?"

"Certainly," returned he courteously. "That

is the flag of Admiral Graves, and shows that he has taken up his quarters on board that ship."

"Indeed!" Patty looked around at Gervaise with an air of triumph. "That is not exactly what this gentleman has told us. He said it meant that the captain was taking another nap, and did not wish to be disturbed."

"In that case," said the stranger instantly, "I fear I have been again mistaken. We civilians are by no means to be depended upon in such things. The gentleman clearly is right, now I think of it. Indeed, if you will look closely, no doubt you will see that the men on deck are all going about on tiptoe for fear of waking the captain."

Patty looked from one young man to the other. Gervaise was gnawing his lips, fierce with inward rage; the stranger's face was perfectly calm and serious save for the laughter in his eyes. The girl understood well enough now that each of them had, so to speak, been making sport of her. But she was vaguely aware also that there was something in their words and actions behind this—

which she could not understand at all and which puzzled her greatly. She swept the stranger a majestic courtesy.

"I, too, thank you for the *valuable* information you have given us," said she.

"You are quite welcome to it, such as it is," was the imperturbable response. "And in return for it, if I may detain you a single moment, I would like, if you will allow me, to ask a bit of information for myself." He seemed to address himself to both the girls. "If I am not mistaken, I have the honor to speak to the daughters of Madame Brenshaw. If that lady is at home to-day, I purpose to pay my respects to her a little later in the morning. May I ask if I am likely to find her?"

"This is *too* much!" Gervaise at this point broke in, unable to restrain himself longer. "Dolly, Patty, go on, will you, please, down the hill. I have a word to say in private to this gentleman — after which I will join you."

Then, as the girls obeyed him and walked away, he turned on the stranger. "Who *are* you?" he demanded. "And what do you mean by this?"

“Wall,” answered the other, suddenly relapsing into the absurd Yankee accent which Gervaise had heard him use at their last meeting. “My name is Jedediah Ichabod *Twang*” — he gave to the last name an especially nasal intonation — “and I don’t mean nothin’ in partic’ler.”

“You seem to change your manner of speech to suit your convenience,” said Gervaise, with a curl of the lip.

“Yes — as some people change their clothes.” His mocking glance falling upon our hero’s uniform.

“I am not the only one, it seems, who wears other people’s clothes,” Gervaise retorted, eying his own garments and thinking how well they fitted the other.

“Oh, I had to take what was left, of course.”

“Then this uniform I have on belongs to you, does it?”

“Well, yes; but it is entirely at your service so long as you choose to wear it. Meanwhile, you must excuse me if I claim in return the use of my present apparel. It is rather more elegant, per-

haps, than that to which I have been accustomed ; but I will try and take good care of it."

"At any rate," observed our hero with an air of ending the interview, "I will thank you to keep your place, whatever that is, and not intrude yourself upon ladies of whom I have the honor to be in charge. As for what you said about paying your respects to Madame Brenshaw, I cannot suppose that you really intend anything of the sort. At any rate, you will do so at your peril. You cannot possibly have any business with the lady."

"Indeed !" was the cool response. "And what if I conceived it my duty to wait upon her and inform her that the young gentleman who is being entertained beneath her roof — Master Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia — has no right to the uniform he wears?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO ARRIVALS.

LATER that morning — about the middle of the forenoon — the ladies of the house, according to custom at that season, were gathered together on the south piazza where at its front end it was shaded from the sun. Eden was reading to them from a book — on this occasion Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*; Madame Brenshaw was listening with closed eyes; Dolly was conscientiously at work upon some plain sewing; and Patty had a piece of fancy-work in her hands. Gervaise, who had been out about the stables looking at the horses and examining things in general, came along by and by and sat himself quietly down by them on the step. Before long, however, he interrupted the reading by a sudden, violent exclamation. Everybody looked up.

“Ah!” Patty spoke up. “Here he is now. I *thought* he would come.”

A young gentleman of good appearance — the mysterious stranger of their morning walk — was coming up the path from the front gate. He walked easily along with an air of already feeling himself quite at home. At the terrace steps, seeing the group on the piazza, he turned off across the grass and presently halted before them, taking off his laced hat and bowing low his powdered head.

“I presume,” he said, raising his eyes again and addressing himself to the lady of the house with great respect, “that I have the honor of speaking to Madame Brenshaw?”

Madame Brenshaw thus accosted arose from her chair and by a stately inclination of the head acknowledged the correctness of the stranger’s presumption. She was visibly impressed by his appearance and manner. For the rest of them, Dolly looked a little distressed, Patty eager, Eden properly indifferent, and Gervaise angry and defiant.

“I humbly beg your pardon, Madame,” the visitor went on with perfect self-possession, “for what

may at first seem like an intrusion ; yet I cannot permit myself to doubt that my name and position, when known to you, will secure for me a generous welcome at the hands of a lady so hospitable and loyal as you are known to be. Before I tell you who I am, however, and explain my presence here, I would like, if you would kindly allow it, to ask a single question ”

Madame Brenshaw listened graciously to this elaborate speech, and, by no means displeased by the allusion to her hospitality and loyalty, bowed her head again at its close in assent to the request.

“ I would like to ask, then,” the young man continued, “ with all respect, and for reasons which I do assure you are good ones, who this gentleman may be.” He gravely bowed in Gervaise’s direction.

Gervaise himself flushed hotly at this pointed question — which, he could not doubt, was asked with the full intention of exposing his false position — and felt that his hour was come. This person knew who he really was and meant to tell what he knew. He had just time to realize this when he heard Madame Brenshaw replying :

“Why,” said she, showing some surprise, “surely this is a strange request. Nevertheless, I know not why I should hesitate to tell you that this is our nephew and cousin, Master Gervaise Brenshaw of Brenshaw Hall in England.”

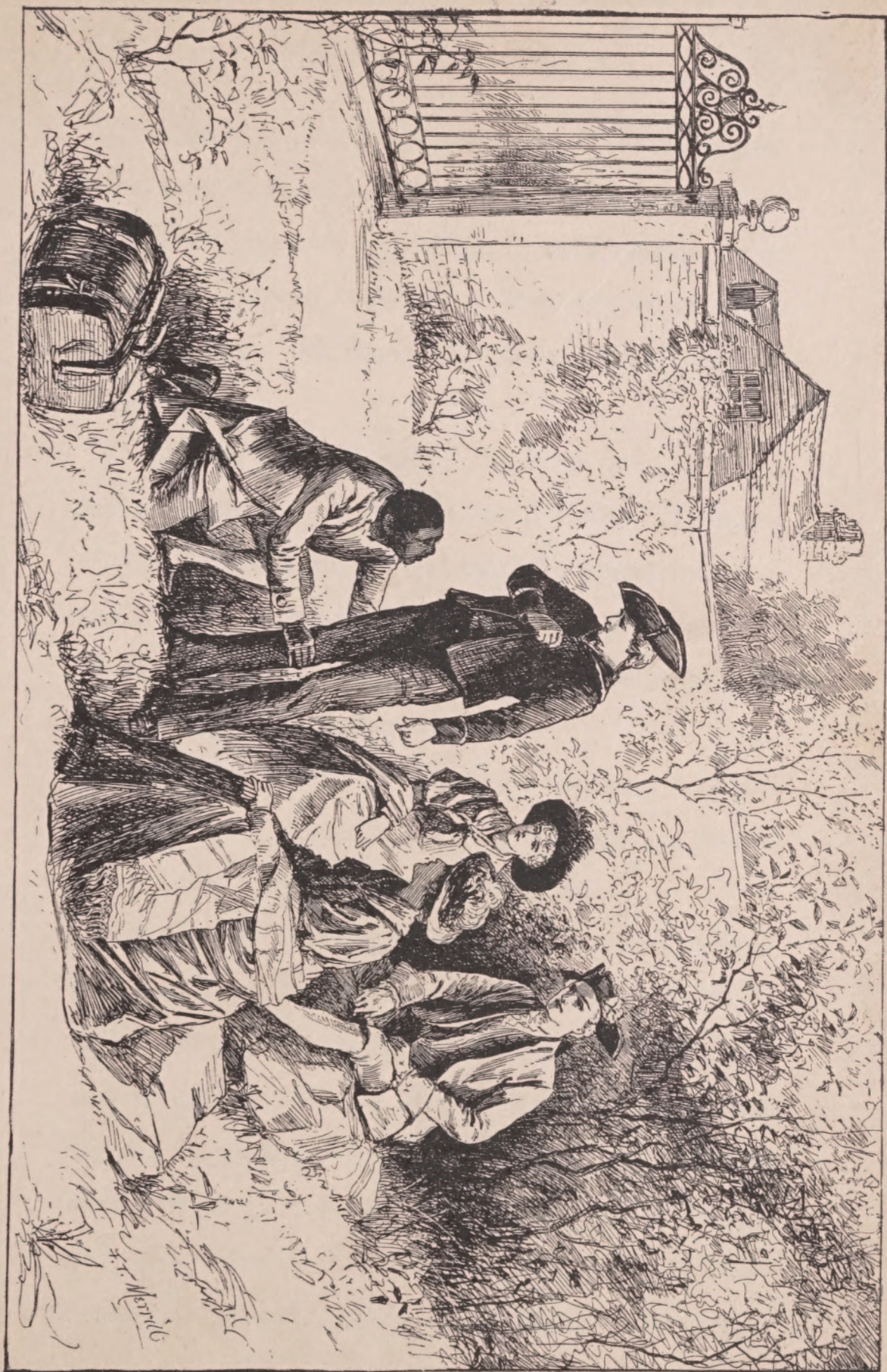
The imperturbable young stranger bowed.

“Thanks, Madame,” he said calmly. “I may now tell you who I myself am. I also may claim the title of nephew and cousin here. This gentleman is, as you tell me, Gervaise Brenshaw of England, the son of Sir Gervaise Brenshaw, then *I* am — Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia, the son of Mr. Edward Brenshaw.”

At this entirely unexpected and (to him at least) preposterous announcement, Gervaise gave utterance to an astounded “O-o-oh!” A moment before he had felt only alarm at the prospect of a disclosure of his own assumption of the name and position of another: now he was suddenly filled with astonishment and indignation as he heard another coolly assume his name and position.

The others, at the same time, were of course astonished also, though for a different reason and

HERE WAS A DIFFICULTY OF WHICH GERVAISE HAD NEVER DREAMED.



in a different degree. Here was another cousin who had suddenly dropped down upon them as from the skies — their cousin from Virginia. The two girls uttered together a little cry of pleasure and surprise. Madame Brenshaw drew herself up haughtily:

“I should have thought,” the latter said in freezing accents, “that the son of Edward Brenshaw would have thought twice before he presented himself at a house which, though entirely at the service of all true servants of the King, can have *no* welcome for His Majesty’s enemies.”

The young man, with an air of the most respectful attention, seemed to wait for her to finish. Then he laid his hand upon his heart.

“Madame,” said he, “I trust that you will believe me when I say that His Majesty has no more devoted and loyal servant in all his kingdom than he who stands before you. I would cheerfully lay down my life for him. Alas that I cannot say as much of him whom you have just named — the unhappy and misguided father. He, I cannot of course deny, has proved false to his highest earthly allegi-

ance and openly arrayed himself on the side of treason and rebellion. Indeed he is with the rebel congress at this very moment plotting, as I have reason to believe" — here he cast a curious glance at Gervaise, all the while going gravely on — "the raising of a rebel army for the purpose of placing at its head a certain friend and neighbor of his, Colonel George Washington of Mount Vernon. But I am sure, Madame, that so just and magnanimous a lady as yourself will not condemn the son by reason of the father's fault. Surely I shall not be disowned by you because of *his* disloyalty."

"Ah, I understand, then," exclaimed Madame Brenshaw; "that he has driven you from your home because you have persisted in remaining true to the king who is our common master — my poor, poor boy!" She took his hand and looked tenderly into his face. "Then indeed have you done well in coming to me. You could have no surer title to welcome here than to have suffered for your loyalty's sake. We are heartily glad to see you." She turned to her daughters. "Dolly,

Patty, welcome your cousin. Gervaise" — to our hero — "this is *your* cousin too as well as ours. You also will be glad to take him by the hand since he proves to be worthy after all of the ancient name he bears — the same name as your own. Why, I shall hardly know how to distinguish you two, in speaking to you. I shall have to call *you* 'Sir Gervaise,' " she said to our hero.

And so Gervaise who had stood and listened to all this, well nigh furious at hearing his father and himself thus coolly belied by this intolerable person, yet absolutely powerless to deny a word of what he said, found himself compelled now to step forward and take him by the hand and profess a cousinly delight at meeting him. He did so with ill grace enough though fortunately none but the stranger himself noticed it. The latter only seemed to enjoy the situation the more for the exasperation he had caused our hero, well aware, it would seem, that he had Gervaise in his power and not indisposed to amuse himself at the latter's expense.

"I am right glad to find you here, my dear Cousin of England," he cried, making up by the

ardor of his own greeting for any lack of warmth observable in that of Gervaise. "And so you have entered the King's navy, eh? I don't suppose they have made you an Admiral yet; though that will come by and by, no doubt. It is a noble profession that you have chosen. I always thought I should like it myself. And there are lots of questions I shall want to ask you about it. I shall expect serious answers, though; not such as you seemed to be giving our cousins when I came upon you this morning." He laughed good humoredly at the allusion, a laugh in which the girls readily joined; and what had passed on the hill that morning was recalled as a pleasant jest.

After all had been said that was natural on the occasion of such a meeting, Gervaise managed to get the stranger (for "stranger," to our hero and the reader at least, he may still be supposed to be) alone with himself at the farther end of the piazza where he felt free to address him in a tone and with words more expressive of his real feelings toward him.

"Well!" he began, "of all the impertinent,

impudent, brazen assurance that ever I saw or heard of!" — And then he stopped short, allowing his look and tone to finish the sentence for him.

"Well?" returned the other calmly, looking up at him with the same mocking light in his eye which Master Gervaise had already found so irritating. "Go on, if you please. It certainly is not for lack of power to use vigorous English that you leave your sentence incomplete."

"What right have you to call yourself by my name and talk about my father and myself the way you have?"

"Why, perhaps I thought that the name went with the clothes. If you will be so good as to remember, I am not the only person who has taken another's name with that person's clothes. You have set me the example."

"*That* is a different matter, sir. If I choose to come here and pretend to my aunt and cousins that I am my English cousin, just by way of a harmless joke, in the family circle, that is a matter that concerns them and me but not you."

"Perhaps not," said the stranger coolly, though in a tone implying that the question admitted of doubt.

"What right have you in this house?" demanded Gervaise.

"I might answer that question by asking it of you. What right have *you* here?"

"The lady of the house is really my aunt," declared Gervaise.

"Would she permit you to remain here if she knew that you were her American instead of her English nephew—holding the political opinions that you do?"

There was of course but one answer to this question; and Gervaise did not care to make it. Indeed he perceived that nothing was to be gained by displaying his anger to the stranger, who calmly kept his own temper and plainly had the best of the interview. He turned wrathfully away therefore, and left him there—master of the situation.

And whatever opinion Gervaise might have of the new comer, the latter had evidently made a most favorable impression upon the rest of the family—

an impression which his conduct every moment seemed to deepen and confirm. To Madame Brenshaw and the two girls he seemed the most charming and agreeable cousin possible; and Gervaise was almost jealous of the kindly attentions they bestowed upon him, although there had been no lack of such attentions in his own case. The new comer was indeed bright, well bred, good tempered and thoroughly likeable. Gervaise himself could not but acknowledge something of this as he watched him. "The Plagues take him!" our hero inwardly exclaimed: "He makes a better Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia than I would myself. If it wasn't for the impertinence of his being here at all and the provoking way in which he looks at me when he is talking in my name — as much as to say, 'I know you don't like it; but let's see you help yourself' — I believe I should like him. I wonder who he can be any way. After all, there's no great harm in his being here so long as he behaves himself."

Four such young people as these could not at any rate be thus thrown together in a pleasant house without enjoying themselves. There was a great

deal of merry conversation at dinner over which neither political nor other differences were permitted to cast any serious shadows ; even between Master Gervaise and the unaccountable stranger a sort of truce seeming gradually to establish itself under whose tacitly understood terms they outwardly kept up their character as cousins.

A somewhat extraordinary incident, occurring on the afternoon of this same day, served still farther to establish an understanding between the two young men, inspiring our hero as it did with a certain amount of admiration and even gratitude toward the stranger for the readiness and skill with which, when Gervaise himself was completely at a loss, he extricated them both from a serious dilemma.

The four young people had strolled out together after dinner, down behind the house, by and by seating themselves upon some rocks beside a brook that crossed the estate. They had arranged themselves into pairs — by that natural instinct that knows so well how to put two and two together — Dolly talking pleasantly with her supposed Vir-

ginian cousin, and Patty and Gervaise, a little way off, occupied once more in a political dispute which Gervaise, deriving vast enjoyment from his cousin's spirited and unflagging defence of her country's cause, had purposely provoked.

"It is dreadful to be shut up in this way," Patty had been saying. "But really we can go nowhere. I'm afraid you and Cousin Gervaise from Virginia won't very much enjoy being here with us."

"Can't we get out the horses and go horse-back?" Gervaise suggested.

"There is no pleasure in riding," Patty answered. "We can't go out into the country at all. One can't ride half a mile in any direction without being stopped by a British sentry and ordered to turn back."

"Well, why can't we go out for a walk about town?"

"Yes; and be stared at at every corner by a knot of insolent English officers with nothing better to do. I, for one, prefer to stay home for the present."

"It is all the fault of your own country people,"

asserted Gervaise. "It is they who have shut us up here."

"Indeed it is not their fault! They have a right to defend their own country and make war upon invaders. It is the fault of the English. And for my part I wish they were all in Halifax!" It would no doubt have afforded Miss Patty a deal of satisfaction at that moment could she have known that on the seventeenth of March following the British army would embark bag and baggage for the port she wanted.

A high wall of solid masonry bounded the Brenshaw place in the rear. In this wall, close by where the young people sat, a small wicket door or gate opened into a lane that ran past outside. It was just as Miss Patty delivered herself of the vigorous sentiment last above written that this door — not always locked — suddenly swung back and there appeared in the opening a certain personage as yet but little known to the reader, but deserving of farther acquaintance — Mr. Pompey Trim, body-servant to the hero of this story. The reader, who last saw him at Cambridge, will not be more sur-

prised at his appearance now than was his young master who had until this moment supposed him safely lodged and cared for at Inman's Farm.

The negro closed the door behind him and then, seeing the group and catching sight of Gervaise, came toward them. He carried upon his shoulders his master's large valise beneath whose weight he bent wearily. He was seen as he drew near to have a terrified and hunted look. His cap was gone, his smart livery torn and soiled, and his eyes rolled wildly in his head. He marched straight up to our hero and deposited his burden at his feet.

"Oh, Mars' Jarvy, Mars' Jarvy," he broke forth in tremulous, tearful accents. "Bress de good Lord I foun' yer at lars! I nebber see sech a a terrorbul, ridicerlous country as dis yere in all my bawn days. I'se been inquired into an' swore at an' cuffed about an' molested an' drownded an' killed outrighteous more'n forty times, sence I seed yer, jes' 'cause I wanted ter cross one single little bit o' nasty, miserbul ribber ter git ter my mars'r an' bring him his wardrobe. I wisht I was back in ol' Birginny a t'ousand times. I t'ought I'd nebber

see yer agin, shuah!" And with that the simple black all at once dropped down on his knees before his young master and clasping him by the legs fell to moaning and sobbing in a manner that would have been touching save that it was beyond all reason and irresistibly comical.

Gervaise stood looking down at him in utter wretchedness and despair. Here was a difficulty of which he had never dreamed and out of which he saw no way at all. It was hardly possible that he should deny himself to his own servant and face out the situation. The frolic joke which he had so foolishly sought to practice was certainly now to end. He felt the flush of shame and mortification at the consequences to follow mounting to his cheek beforehand. His disgrace seemed certain.

But at that instant help came to him from an unlooked-for quarter.

"Why, Pomp, you rascal," suddenly spoke up the stranger, "what in the name of Nebuchadnezzar is the matter with you? Are you crazy? Let go that gentleman's knees and get up and come here this minute. Do you hear, sir!"

Gervaise turned to the speaker in bewilderment ; but receiving from him a swift, expressive glance, he comprehended something of his intention and made an effort to regain his own self-possession. The two girls were looking on in wonder, able to make nothing at all of what was taking place. The negro, hearing himself thus peremptorily addressed, raised his head with an air of stupid interrogation.

“Why, Pomp, my lad,” the stranger continued in a more kindly tone, stepping toward him, “what in the world is the matter ? Why” — he looked up at the girls — “this is the queerest thing I ever heard of. The boy appears to have had his head turned by what he has been through. Pomp, look up here ! Don’t you know your own master ? Let go, I say, and get up.”

Gervaise had now fully possessed himself of the other’s idea ; and audacious as it seemed to him, hope straightway rekindled itself in his breast and he entered at once into the spirit of the plan.

“Yes, my fine fellow,” he in turn addressed the prostrate black, “if it is all the same to you, I would prefer that you bestow your embraces upon

the person who you see is entitled to them." He disengaged himself from the now relaxed hold of the negro and turned to the stranger. "Who *is* this individual, Cousin Gervaise? One of your plantation negroes? Have you so many of them, then, that they don't know you when they see you?"

All this—the tone of authority on the part of the stranger, the drawing back of his master, the words and manner of both—could not but have their effect upon the negro, though he was as yet far from comprehending what they signified. He slowly rose to his feet and stood rolling his eyes from one young man to the other in perplexity and distress.

"You don't seem to know which is your master," Gervaise said to him by way of farther aiding his comprehension. "There is your master." He pointed to the stranger.

At this point poor Pompey suddenly uttered a howl of grief and dismay.

"O, Mars' Jarvy, Mars' Jarvy," he cried. "Yer don' mean t' tell me yer done gone an' *sol'* yer boy Pomp, do yer?—who was brought up wif' yer 'n' 's

follered yer roun' ebber sense bof of us wore pet-tercuts."

"True as I live," said Gervaise, shaking his head soberly, "he don't know his master there!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the stranger. "I don't believe it. At any rate, I'll see if I can't bring him to his senses." He laid his hand roughly on the negro's shoulder. "Now, Sirrah," said he sternly, "look me in the face. Do you mean to say that you don't know me? Look at this hat and coat that I have on. Do you remember ever to have put a brush to them?"

The negro gazed in growing bewilderment into the face of him who thus addressed him; then at the clothes he wore; then at Gervaise himself, seeming now to first perceive the change in the latter's dress. And his eyes grew bigger and whiter.

"Whose coat is this that I have on?" pursued the stranger fiercely, tightening his hold upon the lad's shoulder and giving him a shake. "Answer me that."

"He am my Mars' Jarvy's coat, shuah 'nuff," replied the negro, his teeth beginning to chatter.

“And this hat and waistcoat and breeches — aren’t they your Mars’ Jarvy’s too? And didn’t your Mars’ Jarvy bring you with him from Virginia to Philadelphia and from Philadelphia up here? And didn’t we stop at the Golden Ball tavern, going on Saturday to Cambridge, where you were left in charge of the horses?”

“Gracious, Mars’r,” uttered the negro scratching his woolly head, completely overcome by this array of facts hurled at him with such frowning force and emphasized by another vigorous shake. “I surmise dat you is right, sah. You mus’ be my Mars’ Jarvy, shuah ’nuff.” He pondered the fact a moment longer and at length seemed fully to accept it. Then he added mournfully: “An’ ef dat’s de case, den you is right w’at you said jes’ now. Po’ Pomp ’s done gone crazy. W’at he’s been froo ’s done turned his po’ head. Well, I don’ know’s I wonder much, considerin’ de ’speriences dat’s happened to me. I’m s’prised dat I got sense ’nuff lef’ ter know dat I *los*’ my senses. But yer’ll le’me stay wif yer, now I’s got here, Mars’ Jarvy?” He looked up at his new master appealingly. “I t’ought

you'd need yer things so I follered ye here to yer aunt's to bring 'em. I'se hed a hard time 'nuff gitt'n' here. I don' b'lieve I sh'd ebber libe to git back 'gin."

"Well, yes," the stranger answered, "you may stay if you have really come to your senses again. That is, if they can take care of you here. How is that, cousin Dolly? Can they make room for this boy at the servants' quarters, think you?"

Dolly assured him that the servant could of course easily be provided for; and Pompey was therefore sent on to the house with his valise, being instructed to report himself there to old Ptolemy.

"What a very funny scene that was," Dolly remarked when he was gone. "Do you really believe his head was turned?"

"No," answered the "master" whom Pompey had recognized, "it is only that he is so horribly stupid. I've known him to make even worse blunders, a hundred times. No doubt, though, he *is* pretty well mixed up by what he has been through. I don't see how he ever got over here from Cam-

bridge. It was only by a fortunate chance that I got over myself ; and I was obliged to come off without my baggage. I'm glad he has brought it ; and I am glad to have him here, himself." Then the young man introduced a new subject and this one of Pompey's strange behavior seemed to be readily forgotten.

Nevertheless Miss Patty, going up-stairs with her sister an hour later, stopped on the landing and said very solemnly :

"Dolly, there's something about our cousins that I don't understand."

CHAPTER VII.

A MORNING ALARM.

THE imperturbable stranger did not hesitate to avail himself of the extensive wardrobe which Pompey's arrival had placed at his disposal, and in due time made his appearance below stairs arrayed in our hero's very finest frills and most gorgeous waistcoat. Gervaise's eyes flashed with angry annoyance when he first saw him.

"You seem to have been helping yourself to my things," said he.

"Yes," answered the other, "seeing that *you* couldn't help *yourself*." Then he added in a louder tone, for the young ladies were near by: "And by the way, cousin Gervaise, if there is anything in my valise — any linen or anything — that you would like to borrow, it is quite at your service. You

sailors don't always carry your clothes-bag around with you, I believe."

Whereupon our hero bit his lip and turned away, frowning fiercely at a picture of his own great-grandfather that hung on the wall. It was very hard to be thus coolly invited to the use of his own property; but, as the other had said, he could not "help himself."

The young Virginian's body-servant was also appropriated in the same comfortable manner; and Pompey found himself ordered around by the stranger in a way that went far to settle him in the belief that the latter really was and always had been his master, in spite of some difficulties that still lay in the way of his complete acceptance of the fact. The poor fellow moved about, obeying the commands of his new master, in a dazed, helpless sort of way, forever revolving in his mind the problem of the two Gervaises and dwelling painfully upon the question of his own soundness of mind. It was in this condition that Miss Patty encountered him in the upper hall on the morning after his arrival; and she at once set about inter-

rogating him with a view to the nearer comprehension on her own part of that "something about her cousins which she did not understand."

"Pompey," she began, "what was the meaning of that scene yesterday, down by the wall?"

The negro stopped and looked at her a moment and then shook his head: "Don' know, Missy, w'at um all *do* mean. Him head not quite cl'ar 'nuff at dis presunt time f'r solvin' *dat* 'nigma."

"Didn't you really know your own master when you first saw him?"

"Don' know, Missy, w'edder him know um w'en fus' see um. Know um dis mawnin', though, w'en um frow he shoe at Pomp's head."

"Then you are certain this morning that you do know him?"

"Yes'm," was the answer. "Berry *onsartain* yist'day w'edder him know um or not, an' mebbe berry *onsartain* termorrer; but berry *sartain* him know um to-day." Pomp rubbed his woolly poll in the place where the missile he had mentioned might be supposed to have come in contact with it.

"I declare!" Patty exclaimed when, after several farther questions, she found herself unable to extract anything from the negro more satisfactory than this. "How stupid you are! I believe your head *is* turned."

"Yes'm," nodded he.

"You seem to have lost your wits entirely." And then Miss Patty gave it up.

The fear expressed by the young ladies that their two guests would find the time hanging heavily upon their hands, proved itself to be without foundation. There was not very much to do to be sure; but visitors, at a pleasant place and in the summer season, do not perhaps care for very much to do; and what with gathering about the harpsichord of mornings and singing at the top of their youthful voices "The Three Blind Mice" and "Lucy Locket" and a number of other songs and catches which were old even in that day, or sitting together upon the piazza, or playing ring-toss or some other primitive lawn game under the shady trees, or taking long naps after dinner, the warm, bright June days came and went quickly enough.

There had been some walks and rides outside also, after all — enough to give our hero some idea of the place and people ; though as a rule Master Gervaise preferred to remain at home, fearing that his borrowed uniform might excite attention in a town full of soldiers and sailors. One excursion had been talked about a great deal but not yet executed — a visit to the *Somerset*. Patty and Dolly had both said so much about going on board their cousin's ship that Gervaise found himself obliged to promise to take them there "as soon as it could be arranged." The stranger — with a twinkle in his eye that Gervaise but too well understood — had enthusiastically joined the young ladies in their petition. He wanted very much, he said, to see what life on board a man-of-war was like.

The stranger not infrequently indulged himself in thus quizzing our hero in the latter's supposed character of an English midshipman, asking him all sorts of questions about professional and home affairs, which the American found no little difficulty in answering before them all. Gervaise by no means relished this and presently took to carry-

ing the war into the enemy's country by making similar inquiries in return as to Virginia and the people and state of feeling there; but he was constantly provoked — sometimes almost beyond self-control — by the reckless manner in which the other distorted the facts of the case, and he rarely felt himself to have had the best of it. Miss Patty watched these encounters with decided interest and was more than ever convinced that there was some mystery about the young men which it was worth her while, if possible, to fathom. As for Gervaise's feeling toward the stranger, he could not help liking him more and more, in spite of everything, as he saw more and more of him.

Had there been far more of dulness, however, in the life of the younger inmates of the Brenshaw mansion at this time than was really the case, an event was speedily to take place before their eyes which would afford them plenty of excitement.

Very early Saturday morning Gervaise was awakened by the sound of cannon. He supposed at

first that it was only the morning gun-fire from the ships ; but, assured presently by its continuance that this could not be so and hearing a step in the hall, he jumped up and went to the door. There he saw the stranger, up and dressed, just turning to go up a flight of stairs that led to the floor above. The latter caught sight of our hero at the same time.

“All hands on deck ahoy!” he called back. “Watch and idlers turn up. Get on your things and come up on the roof. Don’t stop to hunt up your best shoe-buckles.”

Gervaise dressed himself quickly and then, ascending the stairs, climbed by a ladder which he there found to the cupola of the house and from thence, by an open scuttle, to the roof above — a small, square surface guarded by a balustrade.

The morning was perfectly clear and the sun, just risen round and red, gave promise of a hot day. The place afforded a complete view of the harbor and the surrounding country. The stranger was standing, looking over northward toward the Charlestown peninsula.

“What is the matter?” inquired Gervaise, taking his place beside him. “What is all the noise about?” Then, in the river below, between the two towns, he perceived a small vessel half hidden in smoke. “Ah!” said he, “there’s the ship that’s doing the firing. What is she firing at?”

“That’s what I can’t just make out,” was the answer. “It’s the *Lively* I should say by her position; though she raises such a smoke that I can’t see very well. She seems to have gotten a spring upon her cable and hauled round so as to bring her guns to bear on the village yonder. Though what she is firing at I don’t see — unless it’s at the door of the meeting-house there. Perhaps Captain Bishop wants to make sure of its being open in time for to-morrow’s service. He’s a notorious church-goer.” Then he all at once uttered an exclamation of new discovery. “Great guns and bullets! Look there — on the hill above. You may mast-head me for a week if those impudent countrymen haven’t come over there in the night and thrown up an earthwork in our very faces.”

Gervaise raised his eyes to the point indicated and perceived at once now the object of the vessel's aim. On the lesser and nearer of the two elevations that diversified the surface of the peninsula opposite, and just in the rear of Charlestown village itself, a long line of earthwork, six feet high and plainly enough to be seen when one looked directly at it, had been erected, behind which a mass of men, at least five hundred in number, could be seen at work with picks and spades, strengthening and finishing their fortification and apparently quite heedless of the fire from the ship.

"Our former friends must be extremely fond of digging," the stranger continued, "to get up so early in the morning and come way over here to do it — just for the fun of the thing, apparently." He laughed contemptuously. "I suppose they call that a redoubt. Bless their simple souls! How long do they think it will take one of our men-of-war to scatter such a heap of dirt as that?"

"That one down there don't seem to be scattering it very fast," observed Gervaise.

"That? Pooh! That's only a little twenty-gun transport. Just you wait until we bring around a ship of the line. I know one gun on board the *Somerset* that would make a hole up there the first time firing."

At this moment the smoke cleared away from about the transport and it became evident that for some reason she had ceased firing.

"They seem to have concluded to wait, according to your suggestion," said Gervaise.

"Yes; they've signalled her from the *Somerset*. The Admiral has stopped the firing. It's too much like child's play, pounding away at a pile of dirt like that. The Yankees ought to be taught their manners, though. The idea of their coming over and entrenching themselves under our very noses in that way! But they've put themselves into a pretty box. I'd engaged, myself, with only half a dozen boats' crews from the ships, to land at the causeway yonder and march up and take 'em all alive, every mother's son of 'em. They will throw down their arms and cry quarter quick enough at sight of a King's uniform."

"Like they did at Concord and Lexington, I suppose," said Gervaise scornfully.

"Humph! That was a different thing. They won't have their stone walls and barns to hide behind now. They'll never fight in an open field."

Gervaise frowned angrily. "I don't know what idea you Englishmen can have of us Americans," said he. "We are of the same blood as yourselves, and every whit as good. And you'll find, when it comes to that, that we can fight just as well, too." And he stood with clenched hands confronting his companion, apparently quite ready then and there to prove his own words.

The other lad took no notice of his attitude however, nor indeed of his words. He was closely watching the ships below.

"Ah!" said he, "there goes a boat from the *Somerset*. Old Gravy is coming ashore. Or rather, from the *Polyhedron*," he added, bestowing upon Gervaise a humorous glance—whereupon the latter laughed in spite of himself and felt his good humor restored.

"Then that *is* the *Somerset*?" asked Gervaise,

referring to the larger vessel from which a boat was just putting off. "I ought to know my own ship, you know."

"I should think so!" laughed the stranger. "And for that matter you ought to know some of the other ships too. The knowledge of naval affairs which you have so far displayed in my hearing has not been remarkable either for its accuracy or extent. Perhaps I had better post you a little. That vessel down there—the one that has done the firing—is, as I said, the *Lively*. This one here away is the *Glasgow*, Captain Maltby. She carries twenty-four guns and a hundred and thirty men. This fellow to the left—she's the same size as the *Lively* and they're as near alike as the two flukes of an anchor—is the *Symmetry*. The one east of the flag-ship is the *Falcon*, Captain Linzee. And yonder lies the *Cerberus*, on board which, our cousins inform me, you lately arrived. You must know Captain Chads, then; and that she carries thirty-six guns and about two hundred men. The *Somerset*, Captain Edward Le Cras, carries sixty-eight guns and five hundred and

twenty men. The ships farther seaward I won't bother you with. If you'll only remember as much as I've told you and use it judiciously in your future conversation you will pass for a very pretty sailor. A few figures and names go a great way, you know."

"Yes ; but I sha'n't remember half those you have given me. Suppose you go through it again."

"Very well. Or rather, I'll catechise you a bit. Sit down on the rail there. We can watch your friends on the hill just as well. There — I'm the Board of Bigwigs up at the Admiralty office, and you are a volunteer midshipman being examined for your commission. We have to serve two years as volunteers before we're regularly commissioned, you know. Now, sir — Ahem ! — Having passed (we'll suppose) very creditably your examination in Navigation and Practical Seamanship we will go on to those matters which it will be chiefly necessary for you to know about in order that no doubts may remain in the minds of your fair cousins as to your professional fitness, etc. If I am not mistaken, one of them already has her suspicions of

you. Now, sir, attention. What craft is that over there to westward?"

"The *Glasgow*," promptly responded the candidate for a midshipman's commission.

"How many guns?"

"A hundred and thirty. Hold on, though. That's the number of men. Sixty-eight."

"Man alive! It's the *Somerset* that carries sixty-eight guns—your own ship. The *Glasgow* only has twenty-four. Can't you tell something from her size? What's her captain's name?"

The candidate shook his head. "I'll be smothered if I can remember."

"William Maltby."

"O, yes; Captain Maltby."

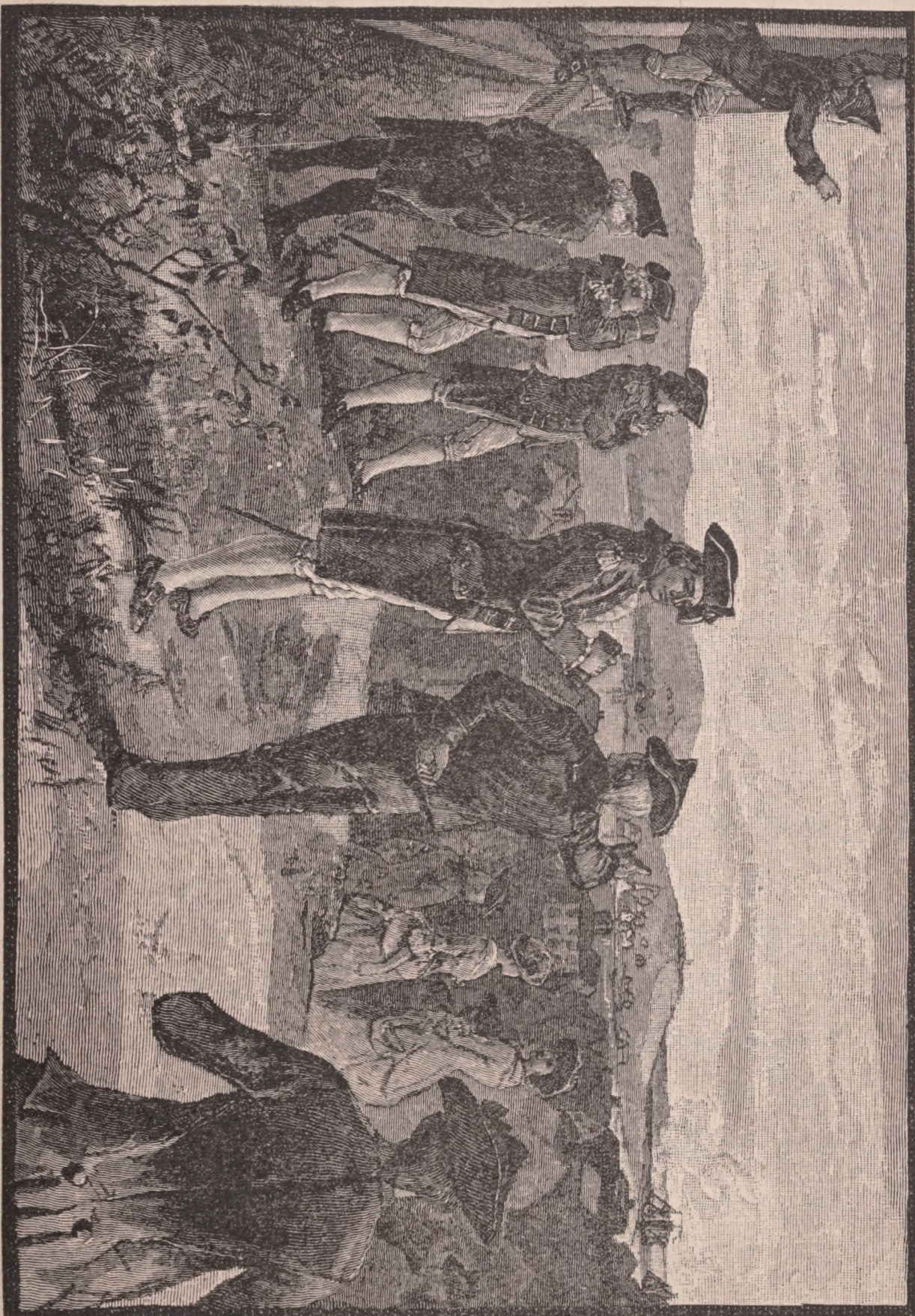
"Who commanded the *Cerberus* in which you came over?"

"Captain — Captain —"

"O, come now," cried the rather discouraged examiner, "this 'll never do. I can't answer *all* my own questions. How many men have you on board the *Somerset*?"

Gervaise scratched his head and then shook it

"AH, MY LAD!" SAID THE COMMANDER IN-CHIEF, "WHAT DOES THE FLAG SAY?"



slowly. "I give it up," said he. "I'm completely overpowered by numbers."

At that instant the examination was interrupted by a voice coming up through the opening in the roof.

"Patty—Patty"—it was Dolly's voice—where are you? O, there you are!"

The boys turned instantly; and there in the scuttle-way, visible only as to her head and shoulders, was Miss Patty herself, innocently looking up at them. How long she had been there it was impossible to say. Gervaise at once looked confused; but his companion greeted her with entire self possession.

"Good morning, cousin Patty," said he. "So the sound of the guns has awakened you also?"

"Yes," answered the young lady as she ascended the ladder a step or two farther. Dolly and I heard the firing and got up to see what it was. And I saw that the hatchway up here was open—I believe that is what you would call it on board your ship, Mr. Midshipman?"—here she gave Gervaise a look which quickly increased his

confusion.—“So I thought I would come up here on deck. You’ll excuse my using such nautical language,” she added as with the aid of her supposed Virginian cousin’s hand she stepped out upon the roof, “but your conversation seemed to be so very nautical as I came up that I somehow fell into the way of it myself.” She divided a curious glance between them. ‘Then she called down the scuttle to her sister: “Dolly, come up here — on the roof of the cupola.”

She then turned toward the ships in the harbor. “I came up to see what the enemy were doing,” said she. . “What *is* the firing about?”

“O, nothing much,” the stranger answered her. “A lot of your fellow citizens yonder have taken it into their heads to come out and play at war a little while this morning. And he pointed out to her the redoubt on the hill.

Patty gazed at it in silence for a moment. Then she drew a long breath and her eyes kindled.

“That doesn’t look to me at all like play,” she said. “And unless I am mistaken the King’s troops will find it a serious matter before nightfall.”

Dolly, too, now made her appearance and the four remained for some time eagerly waiting for what might next take place. Nothing farther seemed to occur however and it was at length proposed that they all go out together — it yet lacked an hour of breakfast-time — and see what could be learned upon the streets. It had for some time been evident from the sounds which came up from below, the tread of hurrying feet, the beat of drums, the rumble of heavy wheels and the murmur of voices, that the British camp was aroused.

Issuing from the gate and passing from the retired street on which the Brenshaw house stood to the more public thoroughfare near by, they found numbers of people abroad upon the same errand as themselves, no one of whom, however, seemed able to tell them more than they already knew. The excitement was presently increased by the sound of renewed and now much heavier firing; and taking the direction in which many others were moving, the party soon found themselves once more on the summit of the eminence which had been the scene of their meeting a few morn-

ings before. From this point the river and the heights beyond again came into full view ; and it was now seen that all the vessels in range had opened fire upon the redoubt, as indeed had also the battery of half a dozen guns which occupied the inferior elevation known as Copps Hill. Meanwhile the band of provincials who had caused all this commotion were to be observed working steadily on, apparently indifferent to the storm of shot and shell that was rained upon them and which indeed, so far as could be seen from the town, did them and their work very little harm.

The people gathered on the hill — soldiers and citizens — viewed the spectacle with excited interest, some of them loudly ridiculing the temerity and folly of the provincials in thus openly defying the royal arms ; some awed and silent, greatly fearful of the consequences of the adventure — to their hardy countrymen if it should fail, to the town itself if it succeeded. Our young people moved about amid the throng, listening eagerly to what was said or talking quietly among themselves ; two of them, as the reader is aware, heartily

sympathizing with the devoted band who occupied the opposite hill ; two as thoroughly concerned for the cause of Royalty.

Presently a sudden murmur in the crowd and then a drawing back and making way among them on the eastern slope of the hill announced the approach of some new and, it would seem, important personage or personages ; and Gervaise, who with his friends was standing at that moment near the beacon, turned to see a group of British officers slowly climbing the ascent, the three foremost of whom, it was evident from their dress and air, were of the highest rank. The lad's abrupt exclamation of " Hillo ! Whom have we here, I should like to know ? " caused the others to turn quickly in the direction of these newcomers.

" Why," uttered Patty at once, " it is General Gage — ' Governor and Commander-in-Chief in and over the Province of Massachusetts Bay,' as he styles himself in his proclamations. And that is Lord Howe with him I'm quite sure ; though I've only seen him once. The other — the short, stout gentleman — must be Sir Henry Clinton."

Then she turned swiftly upon Gervaise as if all at once struck with a new thought: "I should hardly have supposed that a midshipman of the fleet would have had to ask who such distinguished officers were, however—especially as he came over from England in the same ship with two of them."

"O, yes," rejoined Gervaise with tolerable readiness, "I see who they are now. I haven't set eyes on them since they landed, you know; and you may be sure they did not look quite as distinguished as they do now when they were on board ship."

There was no time to say more, for the officers, advancing with steady, dignified step and talking earnestly together, were now close at hand. Gervaise regarded them with eager interest, as a boy like him well might the chief generals of His Majesty's army in America whom he now saw for the first time. Governor Gage, the same kindly, unpretentious gentleman who, the winter before, had righted the wrongs of the Boston boys, was by far the least military and illustrious appearing of the three, although the highest in rank. The

commanding figure of Lord Howe beside him, erect and handsome, attracted all eyes to itself, although his stern and haughty countenance betrayed no consciousness of the presence of the people about him. Sir Henry Clinton, of stout and sturdy build, looked even shorter than usual by the side of his tall lordship, though he appeared withal every inch the honest, hard-headed soldier that he was. The three, seeking the loftiest portion of the summit, passed directly by where our young people were standing. Gervaise involuntarily raised his hat to them, a salute which was absently returned by Lord Howe whose glance had rested a moment upon the group.

"There," said Gervaise lightly to his cousin Patty, "you see that *they* knew *me*, at any rate."

"I saw that Lord Howe returned your salute. I did not notice any other sign of recognition."

"What do you expect?" protested he. "A major-general don't stop and shake hands with a midshipman every time he sees him."

"By the way," here put in Dolly, "what has be-

come of our other cousin Gervaise ? He was here a moment ago."

"Sure enough," said Gervaise, looking around. "Why, where can he have taken himself so quickly?"

"He seems to have beaten a hasty retreat at the approach of His Majesty's officers," observed Patty significantly. "Perhaps he was afraid they would recognize *him* too."

"O," said Gervaise, "he has only stepped off among the crowd somewhere. He'll be back presently. You just wait here a bit, will you, please ? I want to hear what those officers say."

So saying he turned away ; and while pretending to look off across the water gradually made his way to a point near by where the British generals had halted, boyishly interested to catch any words they might let fall.

"This is surely a much better place for observing the situation of affairs," the Commander-in-Chief was saying, as he adjusted his glass and raised it to his eye. "Ah ! now I have them. Bless my soul, there must be a thousand of them

at the very least. And upon my word, they seem to pay no more attention to our shot than if it were so many pebble stones."

"And no wonder," declared Lord Howe contemptuously, "when not one in twenty but flies too high or too low. It is bayonets and not balls that will be needed to drive yonder insolent rascals from their works."

"Or rather to *take* them in their works," cried Sir Henry Clinton. "All we have to do, your Excellency, is to land a few regiments at the causeway yonder and we shall have 'em as snug as rats in a trap."

"You forget, Sir Henry," returned the governor quietly, "that to land at the causeway would be to put *ourselves* in a trap. We should then have a foe both front and rear."

"We could ask nothing better than to be surrounded on all sides by foes such as these," observed Howe with a curl of the lip.

"Aha!" exclaimed Gage, gazing intently across the river and not hearing the last remark. "*One* of our shot has taken effect at least. Did you see

that man fall? See, they are carrying him off. Poor fellow! Poor fellow!" The general spoke in accents of real commiseration.

"Yes; and by my Faith!" cried Howe, "it has frightened the rest so that they are leaving the works. Do you see them crowding back? The knaves are panic stricken."

"Aye, you are right. And 'tis a fair earnest, no doubt, of what may be expected of them in actual combat. They will run like sheep." The governor lowered his glass and looked around him with an air of satisfaction.

"Excuse me, your Excellency," here suddenly spoke up a new voice close at hand, "but if you will be so good as to look again you will see that not all of yonder band are disposed to run away at sight of a man killed."

Gervaise turned to see in this speaker a grave, scholarly looking gentleman in the prescribed dress of the legal profession, who now advanced to the grasp of officers and was cordially greeted by the Commander-in-Chief.

"Ah, councillor," the latter said, "so you are

up betimes, like the loyal subject we know you to be, watching the movements of the enemy. But what is it you say?" The governor had again raised his glass. "Zounds!" he instantly exclaimed. "But there is one audacious fellow of them who has leaped upon the embankment in the very face of the fire. He is waving his sword above his head. 'Tis a foolhardy act!"

"Nay, your Excellency," objected he who had been addressed as "councillor." "Not so, surely, if 'tis done to encourage his men. See they are this minute returning to their work."

"Sure enough! Sure enough!" murmured the governor, still looking through his glass. "But who is this bold rebel, Willard? He seems to be their leader; and he has the look of a gentleman, if one can tell a gentleman at such a distance. Do you know him?"

"Aye, your Excellency, I know him well. He is allied to my own family. That is Colonel Prescott of Peperell."

"Bless my soul, is that so indeed? And will he fight, Willard? Will he fight?"

“Yes, your Excellency. He is an old soldier. He once refused a royal commission. He will fight so long as there is a drop of blood in his veins.”

“The works must be carried!” said the governor, firmly shutting his lips together.

Then for some moments he continued his scrutiny in silence. It happened that while thus engaged he moved apart a little from his companions and in a direction that brought him close beside our hero. While thus placed he called out to the other two generals to know if they could make out the motto upon a flag which the Americans had raised at one end of their redoubt. They answered in the negative, whereupon Master Gervaise, who lost nothing of what was said, exclaimed:

“Pooh! I can read what *that* means with my naked eye.”

He had not meant to speak loud enough to be heard; but the quick ear of the Commander-in-Chief caught the words and he turned quickly.

“Ah, my lad,” said he, “can you indeed? and what does the flag say, if you please?”

Gervaise would have evaded the responsibility of his incautious utterance but he seemed to be fairly caught. So he summoned his assurance.

“Well, your Excellency,” he answered roguishly, “it says ‘Come over if you dare!’”*

“Ah!” said the governor, smiling indulgently and seeming not at all offended by the jest. Then he added, more gravely: “Very well; we shall be likely to accept the challenge before the day is over. And when the time comes, do you see to it, my boy, that you are at your station aboard ship instead of running about on shore.” Then he turned away to rejoin his generals.

Gervaise, glad to have gotten off so easily after having thus attracted notice to himself, thought it as well now to return to his own companions. He found the two girls still by themselves; and the three moved about among the people for some time looking for their missing Virginian cousin — or him who was supposed to be such. At length they assured themselves that he was no longer on

*This question and answer, as well as the conversation just before related, are believed to have substantially occurred.

the hill; and it being already past the breakfast hour, it was decided to go home without him.

"Perhaps we shall find him there before us, when we arrive," Dolly suggested.

And the first question they asked when they got into the house was if anything had been seen of him. But he had not appeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

THE good town of Boston, it may with certainty be said, has never seen, either before nor since, so exciting a day as that which followed the events narrated in the last chapter, the seventeenth of June, seventeen hundred and seventy-five. All the morning long, while the thunder of the cannon sounded constantly in their ears, the people of the town looked on with anxious expectation at the preparations of the foreign army that held their streets, making ready to go out and do battle with the intrepid band of provincials that had established itself on the neighboring height; hour after hour, as the day advanced, they watched and waited, seeing at length a glittering host put forth from the foot of the town, make its way across the stream and, landing on the shore,

long delay itself there, completing its preparations and awaiting the proper moment ; and then, with bated breath and beating hearts and cheeks that alternately flushed with joy and pride or blanched with terror, they stood and marked the progress of one of the most famous battles that the world has known, on whose outcome their fate and the fate of their country depended, and in which, in many cases, the fortunes and lives of their own friends and dear ones were ventured.

The reader may be sure that young Gervaise Brenshaw, setting forth by himself later in the morning to see what he could see, shared in the general excitement. It was now evident to him as to everybody that the day was likely to bring forth great things ; and as he hurried breathlessly along directing his steps toward the lower part of the town, he felt his heart swell within him with a kind of wild joy and exultation — a feeling which, he afterwards remembered himself to have thought, must have been very like that *gaudia certaminis* of which he had read in his Cæsar's Commentaries on his Livy.

Coming out before long upon Marlborough street (now Washington) near by where Milk street joined it and perceiving a gathering of people about the gates of the Governor's residence, he turned himself hither. The Province House was an imposing three-story structure of brick surmounted by an octagonal cupola which upheld to the view of all the town a gigantic copper Indian — the emblem of the colony — who, with arrow fitted to his bow and drawn to its head, was taking perpetual aim directly into the wind's eye. The house stood some distance back from the street and was separated from it by a beautiful lawn shaded by a pair of immense oak-trees, one on either side the broad walk. A lofty flight of stone steps led up to the door, protected by a massive portico from whose front the royal arms, in gilt carving, glittered in the sun. The balcony above was surrounded by an iron balustrade; and it was from here that all the Governors of the Province — Shute, Burnet Shirley, Pownall, Bernard and Gage himself — had been accustomed to read their proclamations and harangue the people.

Gervaise had already found that in the present state of affairs, where uniforms were rather the rule than the exception, his midshipman's dress served rather to protect him from notice than to attract it; and that oftentimes it was even a convenience. Under its cover he passed without challenge the sentinel at the gates who had been placed there to keep out the people; and, his eagerness to know what was going on, quite overcoming his fear of any possible evil consequences that might result therefrom, he mingled freely with the officers and messengers that were passing in and out, or standing about in groups discussing the topic of the moment. He spoke to nobody, nor did anybody in turn seem to pay him the slightest attention as he moved about, listening wherever it pleased him to what was being said. He gathered from what he heard that a council of the Governor and his generals was going on inside; and it was presently rumored that troops were to be sent over at once against the rebel works, and that Sir William Howe was to be given the command. Gervaise was especially interested in the

conversation of an officer of high rank and dashing appearance — whom he suspected of being General Burgoyne, though he did not hear him addressed by name — who came out at the last and who was immediately surrounded by eager questioners. This gentleman somewhat lugubriously communicated the fact that Sir Henry Clinton and himself had been appointed to stay in the town and serve as spectators, Howe having drawn the prize of leadership in the expedition. But, he laughingly added, he had no reason to complain after all since there was to be only a sham battle; and no doubt the spectacle of the Yankees taking to their heels at the first approach of the regular troops would be a vastly entertaining one. While listening to some details of the plan of attack given by this officer, Gervaise felt a touch on his shoulder and turning was confronted by an orderly who seemed to have just come out of the house (he was bareheaded) and who held out to him an official-looking document.

“Here is what you have been waiting for,” said he. “Why don’t you stay where we can find you?”

We've something else to do to-day besides hunting up you youngsters when we want you." Then he put the document into our hero's hands and with a careless "Come, now; off with you," turned away.

Gervaise had taken the paper mechanically and now stood looking at it rather stupidly and wondering what he should do with it. The next moment however he caught sight of a young lad, dressed like himself in a reefer's uniform, who was leaning against one of the wooden pillars of the portico and talking with a diminutive ensign of the army; and he at once divined that he had been mistaken for this young gentleman. He accordingly went over to him and offered him the packet with exactly the words which had accompanied its presentation to himself: "Here is what you have been waiting for."

The eagerness with which the strange midshipman received it, and the alacrity with which he took his departure, convinced our hero that his conjecture had been correct. Shortly after this he himself took his leave, fearing, perhaps, that if

he stayed longer some service might be laid upon him which could not be so easily transferred.

At half-past eleven o'clock a large number of troops, fully armed and furnished with ammunition, blankets and provisions, was paraded; and as noon approached these were marched down to the North Battery and Long Wharf, there to embark for Charlestown. They were the choicest companies of grenadiers and light infantry and made a splendid appearance with their scarlet uniforms and flashing arms as they passed through Cornhill and down King street to the water. Gervaise laughed as he found himself running along beside them as eager and excited as the veriest schoolboy in the crowd. "Following the soldiers" was an occupation which he believed himself some time since to have outgrown; but this was an exceptional occasion.

At the wharf a vast number of barges and smaller boats from the ships were already in waiting, on board which, with the trouble and confusion usually attending such a proceeding, the troops were slowly taken. Our hero, standing

close to the caplog of the wharf and thoroughly absorbed in watching the process of embarkation, was suddenly accosted by a harsh voice from behind while he felt himself at the same time roughly taken by the shoulders and set bodily to one side :

“Come, come, youngster. Gangway here, if you please. Haven’t you anything better to do than to be standing here in the way of busier folk?”

Gervaise turned fiercely upon the speaker whom he found to be a choleric-looking, exceedingly corpulent individual in the uniform of a sea lieutenant.

“I didn’t know anybody was coming who required four times as much room as ordinary people,” said he angrily, with no thought for the moment but to resent the injury sustained by his youthful dignity.

“What’s that, sir?” demanded the lieutenant who had been passing on but was instantly halted by this allusion to a fault in his figure, as to which, being a seaman, he was particularly sensitive. “Is *that* the way you speak to your superiors, sir! What is your name?”

“I don’t know that it matters” — Gervaise hotly began in reply, and then abruptly stopped himself, remembering all at once his own anomalous position, and realizing that he was getting into trouble.

The lieutenant finished his sentence for him.

“It doesn’t matter to me what your name is, eh? We’ll see about that, sir. By my buttons! The Service is come to a pretty pass when every midshipman thinks himself of as much consequence as the Lord High Admiral himself. I’ve a great mind to order you under arrest, sir, for insubordination.” The irate officer looked around as if in search of some one to whom he might commit such an order.

Gervaise, seriously alarmed at this threat, was yet quite at a loss what to do or say to get himself out of the difficulty. At that instant, however, there fell upon his ear the tones of a voice with which he was familiar; and, lo, there was the mysterious young stranger — who had a way, it would seem, of turning up unexpectedly at all sorts of times and places — taking him by the arm and cheerily addressing himself to the lieutenant. The

stranger was now attired, like Gervaise himself, in a midshipman's jaunty uniform ; and a trim, ship-shape, fine-looking young sailor he appeared.

"Ah, Mr. Myrtle," he said, "my friend here seems to have run athwart your hawse in some way. I hope he hasn't been doing anything very bad. If so, you must forgive him, sir. He's a volunteer, sir, and he doesn't quite know what is what as yet."

"I should think not!" growled the lieutenant. "He must have taken me for the steward of the midshipman's mess, by the way he spoke to me."

"Well, sir," laughed the stranger, "he humbly begs your pardon. He is under my charge and I shall soon teach him his duty."

Then, touching his hat to the officer, and before anything more could be said, he whirled our hero about and hastened away with him along the wharf.

"I should have thought," he testily observed to Gervaise as they walked along, "that of all days you would have known enough to have stayed at home to-day. What are you thinking of? You

would have had yourself in a nice mess if I had not happened to come up."

"Well," answered Gervaise doggedly, "I am bound to see what is going on, such a day as this."

"Then," said the other dryly, "you'd better have somebody with you to take care of you. You come with me. I'll take you where you can see what is going on."

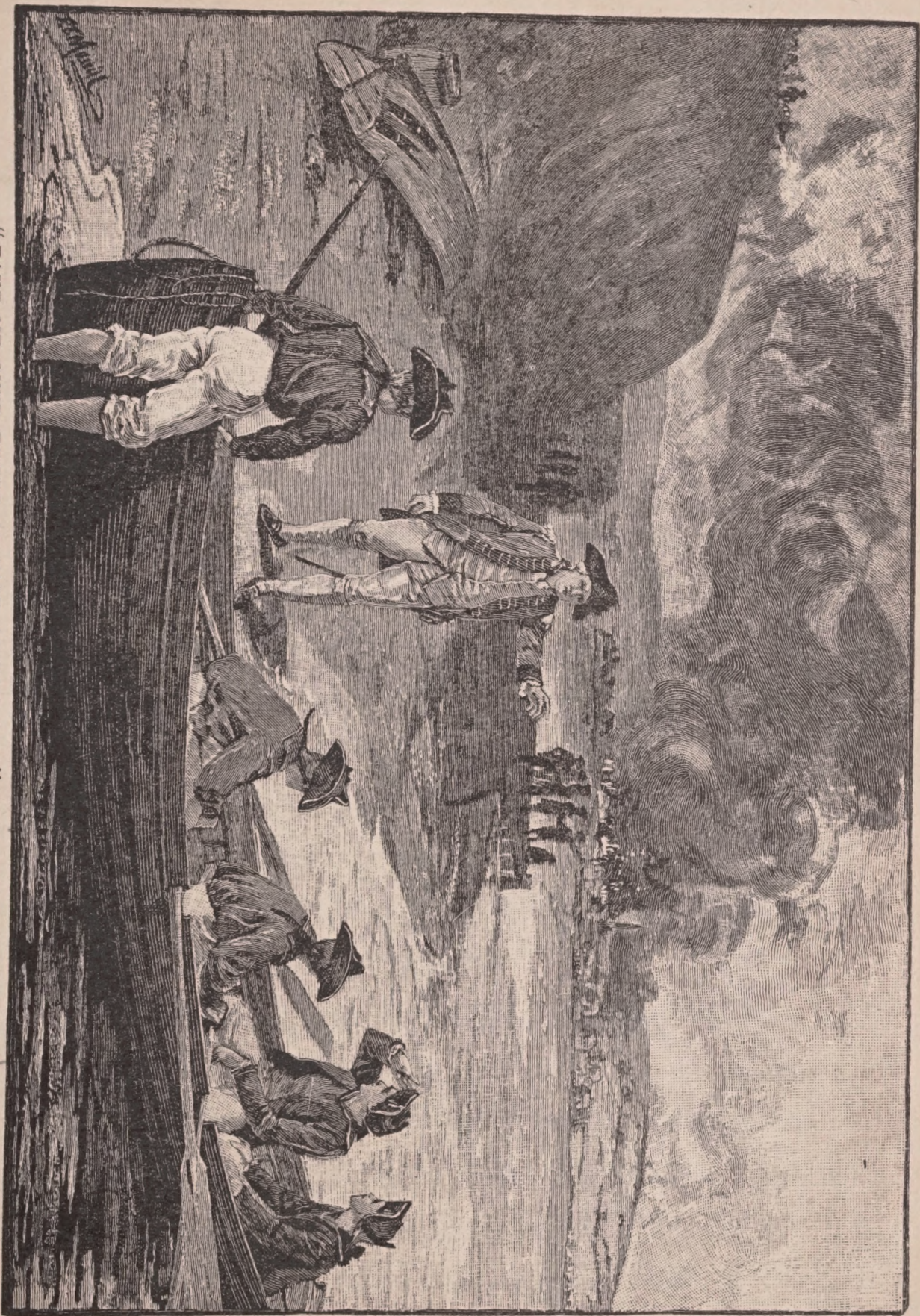
He led the way to one of the boats alongside the wharf in which, besides the crew at the oars, as many soldiers as possible were already seated and of which the young officer appeared to be in sole command. He gave Gervaise a place in the stern-sheets beside himself, and they sat for some minutes impatiently awaiting the signal for starting.

This came at length in the form of a blue flag displayed at the *Somerset's* foremast; and then slowly and in perfect order the fleet of boats pulled out into the stream and made its way toward the Charlestown shore, where at the same time the men-of-war and floating batteries moved up to their places, and the roar of the cannonade was re-

doubled. Surely the people of Boston, who at this moment made black with their numbers the house-tops and hillsides of the town, had never looked upon so grand a sight as this brilliant-hued host thus taking up its line of boat-march across the river. Our hero, so unexpectedly finding himself a part of the spectacle, thought of this as he looked back, and wondered if his cousins were looking on from the cupola of the house; but his mind was presently much more occupied with the anticipation of the exciting events which, it seemed certain, were speedily to occur.

The landing was made about one o'clock at the extreme end of the Charlestown peninsula known as Moulton's Point, and entirely without opposition; the humble band of provincials from their post on the hill near by looking down upon it in sullen and anxious silence. The troops were at once formed into a triple line with the intention of attacking at once; but a farther observation of the enemy's position convinced the British general of the need of a larger force, and the boats were accordingly sent back to the town for the reinforce-

"TAKE ME OVER THERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN," SAID SIR HENRY CLINTON.



ments, the soldiers who had already landed sitting down upon the ground meanwhile and eating their dinner. It was nearly three in the afternoon when the barges, filled with troops, again returned and the army, numbering now some three thousand men, was at length ready for action.

The boats, emptied of their living freight, still lay at the point of landing; and that in which Gervaise Brenshaw sat by the side of his mysterious friend was so placed as to command the best possible view of the works upon the hill and the ground that lay between. The two lads, thus strangely thrown together at such a time and spectators perforce where both without doubt would gladly have been actors, closely watched the event which followed, with divided sympathies but with one interest and excitement.

The British forces were divided into two columns with one of which General Pigot was to march up Breed's Hill and drive the provincials from the redoubt while the other under Howe himself advanced to the right along the Mystic shore for the purpose of putting to flight a detachment of the

enemy who had planted themselves behind a rail-fence near the foot of Bunker's Hill, and at the same time to cut off the retreat from the redoubt itself. It was the movements of the first of these — the left wing — that occupied the attention of those in the boats.

“Now for it!” exclaimed Gervaise, as the word was at length given and the troops moved forward. “They have started at last. I wonder if they *will* make any stand against them.” The last “they” referred to the Americans above. And indeed to one who had been, as had he, among the splendid troops of the King and who saw them now marching steadily off in their pride and beauty, it was difficult to believe that a band of undisciplined countrymen, most of whom had never seen a battle, could for a moment effectually resist them.

“Stand!” uttered his companion scornfully. “If they do, it will be because they are too frightened to move. No, you will see them on the run before we are half-way up the hill.”

The troops advanced slowly, for they were en-

cumbered with their knapsacks and blankets, and the sun was hot. The affair (although they were destined before long to look at it in a different light) had not as yet ceased to have for them the character of a holiday parade. They presently arrived where the tall grass and the walls and fences forced them to advance more slowly still.

"They don't seem in any hurry to get within range," observed Gervaise, seeking to encourage himself a little.

The stranger laughed. "They are not so used to climbing stone walls and cutting cross-lots as your friends from the hayseed districts," said he.

"Ah, now they begin to fire," added he, presently as the regulars, continuing their advance and now within gunshot of the works, opened fire with their muskets.

"And why don't the Americans give it to them back?" Gervaise cried in turn, angry and mortified that no slightest show of resistance was yet made on the part of his countrymen. "Now is their chance. Don't they mean to fire a single shot?"

"Probably their old blunderbusses won't go off," suggested his companion provokingly. "Or maybe they mean to hold their works at the point of the pitchfork."

"No! No!" exclaimed Gervaise. "See, they *are* returning the fire."

And indeed at that moment a few scattering shots were fired from the American lines. It was only a few however; and the next instant, here and there along the redoubt, an officer was seen to leap upon the parapet and run along it, kicking up the guns as if to prevent their being discharged.

"Before George!" uttered Gervaise's companion, "that is cool. Why, I do believe the rascals are holding their fire on purpose."

A half minute of silence ensued between the two as with breathless interest they watched the royal troops, still firing sharply, advance nearer and nearer the opposing works. Then all in an instant it became evident that the stranger's last words had expressed the truth of the matter. There were braver hearts and cooler heads behind

that rude pile of earth than any Briton up to this moment had dreamed. Their gallant leader had assured them that if they would obey his orders and wait for the word, not a red coat should reach the redoubt. "Powder is scarce ; don't waste it." "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes." "Fire at their waist-bands." "Aim at the handsome coats." "Pick off the commanders." Such were some of the words that were passed from mouth to mouth to restrain the impatient and steady the excited and timid. And until the enemy were within a dozen rods of the works not a shot—save in disobedience of orders—was fired. Then suddenly, all along the rebel line, there seemed to leap up from behind the despised breastwork a mass of lurid flame, followed by the instantaneous report of many weapons ; another and another carefully directed volley succeeded ; and then those who were watching, with hearts that had almost ceased to beat, the fearful contest, saw the chosen troops of the King halt and waver, rally again and once again and stagger on ; and then, falling uncertainly back for a moment, turn

at length, panic stricken and terrified, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers who, with drawn swords and voices hoarsely raised, sought to prevent the disaster, flee in broken and disordered masses down the hill. At the same moment a similar repulse had been suffered by the right wing under Lord Howe, and all along the line of attack the scarlet-clad troops were seen in full retreat.

Gervaise Brenshaw was as quick to note this astonishing fact as anybody and in an instant he had leaped upon a thwart of the boat, hat in hand, wild with joy and about to echo the shout of victory that was heard going up from the top of the hill. He was as quickly pulled back, however, by the young man at his side.

"Are you mad?" the latter hissed in his ear. "Remember where you are! There are a hundred men close beside you who would tear you in pieces at this moment if they heard you." He spoke angrily enough himself and his face was flushing hotly. The sight of his flying countrymen had been by no means as agreeable to him as to our hero.

At this moment an elderly officer came walking rapidly down to the shore, looking around as if in search of some one. Gervaise's companion, quick to scent the prospect of service, leaped ashore and ran to him. "Anything wanted, sir?" said he, touching his hat.

The officer regarded the midshipman an instant and then glanced at his boat.

"Yes," he answered hurriedly. "I want a messenger — to go to the town." He lowered his voice then, and gave a word or two of explanatory message and directions.

The latter touched his hat again with a cheery "All right, sir," as the other concluded, and hastened back to his boat. He seemed a little sober however as he took the rudder-ropes in hand and bade his men give way. "A pretty errand that is!" he muttered discontentedly. "I almost wish I had stayed in the boat. But orders are orders."

"What did he want?" inquired Gervaise with curiosity.

"That," said the stranger curtly, "he didn't say

"I was to tell you." Then he called to his crew. "Come, men, be lively. It's a dirty business; and the sooner we've done our part of it the better."

The boat, urged forward by the sturdy oarsmen and guided by its young commander, swiftly shot across the narrow stream and its destination had hardly become apparent before it was reached. The keel grated presently upon the sand of the little beach that lay at the foot of Copps Hill and the English midshipman, leaping to shore, hastened up the slope to the battery which crowned the eminence where he was met by two officers of rank whom, even at that distance, Gervaise recognized as Sir Henry Clinton and the gentleman whom he had set down as General Burgoyne when he had seen him that morning on the Province House steps.

The stranger returned to the boat presently and sat down there, apparently having received orders to wait. And almost immediately the object of their coming made itself known. For now the battery on the hill above them, which had been

until then raining its storm of shot and shell across the water, suddenly changed its missiles to burning "carcasses" in obedience to the order which had come from the field; and these directed upon the deserted village opposite and falling thickly among its heated roofs, quickly accomplished their cruel object; and to the other awful sights which the town of Boston witnessed that day was added the painful spectacle of their neighbors' homes in flames.

Meanwhile at the scene of conflict, the troops had been quickly rallied; a new attack had been ordered; with the same arrangement as before but with more of respect for their foe and more of serious resolution, the columns had again mounted the height; and to our two young friends in the boat on the Copps Hill shore their movements now again became visible as, firing briskly as before, they again drew near the earthen defense of the Americans. A breathless minute followed of more intense interest than ever, while the redoubt in grim silence awaited the approach of the regulars to within a much shorter distance than at first,

Then again a sheet of flame leaped forth ; again the messengers of death, coolly withheld until each one was certain, sped swiftly on their way ; and again, as the smoke lifted, the invincible veterans of King George were seen to recoil and flee before the fire of the New England husbandmen.

Gervaise and his companion were still regarding this event, the one with joy redoubled, the other with deepest chagrin, when a step was heard upon the sand and they turned to find Sir Henry Clinton at the water's edge. He stepped without ceremony on board the boat. "Take me over there as fast as you can, my boy," was all he said ; but the fierce frown upon his face told how deeply he was stirred, and his purpose in hurrying to the scene of action was plain. The affair of Bunker Hill was no longer an amusing farce ; it had turned itself into tragedy, and the honor of King and country were at stake.

Quickly enough the boat once more crossed the river and the British general threw himself on shore. Gervaise and his companion, still remaining in the boat, found themselves once more in a

position to view to the best possible advantage what should take place.

The troops were once again forming for the attack ; but this time so much time was spent in the process and so carefully was their disposition made while every unnecessary equipment was cast aside, that it was evident that all was to be staked upon this final assault. Much more wisdom was shown too in the plan of their advance, when at length it was made. They moved forward in column, concentrating their attack upon the redoubt and making only a feint in the vicinity of the rail fence ; they reserved their fire this time after the fashion of their foe ; and the artillery was so placed and used as to render far more effective service.

The Americans, on the other hand, although they had learned coolness and gained an abundance of what might be termed military self respect in the two previous assaults, were for one simple reason, in the worst possible condition for sustaining a third. Their ammunition was all but expended, most of them having only one round left ; and in a hand to hand conflict they could look for

no success whatever since there was scarcely a bayonet among them. They were ordered to hold their fire until the enemy were within twenty yards, at which distance they poured out upon them a terrible volley before which the latter recoiled for an instant and seemed about to retreat once more. The fire could not be repeated however, and they presently rallied and pushed on. A shower of stones met them as they closed in upon the works but this only showed the weakness of their opponents and did nothing to stay their onset. In another moment the parapet was as much a protection to the attacking as to the attacked ; and although the desperate Americans, with clubbed muskets and what bayonets they had, fiercely contested every inch of ground, they were compelled slowly to retire before their better equipped and out-numbering foe, and the English troops at length were seen to be in possession of the redoubt.

Of our two friends in the boat it was the young Briton's turn this time to jump upon the seat and raise the shout of victory. But Gervaise himself felt by no means downhearted at the final result of

the contest. To him, as to all who had seen it, it was evident that the Americans had had the best of the fight so long as they had anything to fight with ; and the loss of the redoubt was in itself a matter of no consequence.

“ Well,” declared our hero presently, drawing a long breath as it became clear that the battle was over, “ I’m mighty glad to have been here to see it. I shall never forget this day.”

“ Yes,” said his companion. “ And now the question is, how we are to get you home again. I think I can manage it, though. The boats will probably be set to work at once to carry back the wounded. And as soon as we are over the other side, I can slip you ashore.” Then he added, “ And by the way, perhaps you had best not say anything of your having been with me to-day to — to our aunt and cousins.” He laughed as he thus laid claim to a share of the relationship. “ I shall be on duty, I suppose, to-night and to-morrow. But I shall present myself at the house again by Monday.”

CHAPTER IX.

ENSIGN WIGGLESWORTH.

IT was two days after the battle of Bunker Hill and the terrible excitement into which the town of Boston had been thrown by that event had in a measure subsided. Patty Brenshaw was sitting on the stairs in the front hall all by herself. The tall clock on the landing behind her — made by John Green of London in the year 1715 and that chimed an air every three hours — had just celebrated with its most elaborate performance the hour of noon. Miss Patty did not appear entirely contented and happy. Her brows were knitted together almost to scowling, and she now and then muttered emphatically to herself. What could it be that disturbed her? Was it that in the recent battle her countrymen with whom she so truly sympathized had finally been compelled to fall back

and return to Cambridge, leaving the field in possession of their boastful adversaries? It could hardly have been this, since everybody was by this time aware that the fight had been substantially a victory for the provincials who, so long as their ammunition lasted, had repulsed and driven back with fearful loss the regular troops. Was it that the town of Boston was now subject to stricter martial law than ever, so that a man dared not be seen talking with his friend upon the street, and no one was permitted to be abroad after ten o'clock at night except with a pass from the Governor, and an order had even been issued that no person should be seen to wipe his face with a white handkerchief since this was regarded as a sign of mutiny? But it could hardly be this either, since the young lady would joyfully have suffered far greater hardships than these for the sake of her oppressed country. Was it, then, that her Virginian cousin — or he who had come to them professing to be such — had been missing ever since his sudden disappearance on the morning of the battle and no one knew where he was? No, again; for a note had been brought

to the house only the evening before by a sailor-looking but exceedingly non-communicative individual, signed by the missing young man and assuring them of his safety and intention to return to them as soon as possible.

No, it was not for these, or for any similar reason, that Miss Patty was so disturbed : it was simply that her feminine curiosity was excited to a pitch almost beyond endurance and that her feminine wit was entirely baffled and at fault — and this, still, upon that same “something about her cousins that she did not understand.” She had noted in what they said and did a hundred strange things since first her suspicions had been aroused ; but her puzzle about them had only grown and seemed now farther from a solution than ever. What *was* this mysterious *something* about the two young men that made them act so queerly and talk so strangely ? — one of them wearing a sailor’s dress yet talking like a landsman and one pretending to be a landsman yet talking at times, she was sure, like a person accustomed to ships and the sea ; one of them claiming to be an American, yet wholly devoted to the service of the

King, and one professing himself an Englishman yet secretly sympathizing with the cause of the colonies; for she had watched Gervaise closely during the last three days and was quite certain of this last also.

“What shall I *do*?” she exclaimed at length, stamping her little foot upon the stair in almost tearful vexation. “It’s no use asking *him*, of course.” The allusion here was evidently to Gervaise. “And the other one is away. And the negro boy is so stupid it is no use trying to get any information out of *him*. And Dolly won’t help me at all: she doesn’t believe there *is* anything the matter.”

So then, for a few moments, the poor girl gave herself up to a mood of silent despair. But by and by her brow began to clear; and presently an expression of hope lightened up her face. “Yes,” she said, with new energy at last, “I do believe that I can find out in that way. Yes; I will call on the military for aid. I will send for Ensign Wigglesworth.”

Thereupon she arose decidedly and, going up stairs, sat down to her desk and wrote a dainty little note to the gentleman named, requesting him

to call upon her that afternoon at the hour of four. This note she took out doors and committed with her own hands to the care of Gracchus, the stable-boy, instructing him to deliver it at once and without saying a word to anybody, a direction so literally attended to by the faithful servant that, even when arrived at the door of the house where the ensign resided, he held out the missive to the person who answered his rap with lips still firmly closed and then turned away in solemn dumbness.

Ensign Wigglesworth was an officer of the British army still in his teens, who wore the white facings of the Forty-seventh Regiment of Foot, and who, with a few brother officers, messed at an excellent private boarding-house on Tremont street not far from the quarters of Lord Percy. Patty had made his acquaintance at an evening party given some time before this by the Misses Byles, daughters of the Reverend Doctor Mather Byles of the Congregational Church. Madame Brenshaw, in allowing her daughters to associate with the family of this gentleman, overlooked the fact of his being minister of a dissenting body in consideration of

his aristocratic connections and undoubted loyalty. On the occasion referred to, Ensign Wigglesworth had informed Miss Patty, in the course of some quite extended remarks which seemed to pertain largely to himself, that he was the "life of his mess" — "kept them all laughing the whole blessed time, you know." This statement the young lady found no difficulty in believing, fully substantiated as it was by the complacent expression of countenance which accompanied it and the flat, effeminate tone of voice with which it was uttered. One could readily imagine the messmates of Ensign Wigglesworth laughing at him the whole blessed time. It shall farther be here said of this young warrior, however, that he was, at any rate, a gentlemanly, good-hearted, well-meaning little fellow, and with manliness enough about him, to say the least, to keep him free from the grosser vices which were all too common among the men with whom he was associated.

Ensign Wigglesworth had been pierced through and through by the bright, bewitching glances of the younger Miss Brenshaw; and on several simi

lar occasions later he had diligently sought her out, and again entertained himself by talking to her. And when now at dinner he found her delicate little note beneath his plate, and had presently acquainted himself with the flattering intimation it conveyed—that Miss Patty wished *particularly* to see him (the italics are the young lady's own) and would be *extremely* obliged if he would present himself that afternoon at four at the Brenshaw mansion *without fail*, his soldierly heart beat high beneath the snowy facings of his uniform. He scarcely said any funny things at all during the meal that followed, and at the last, leaving his pudding untasted, hurried off to his room to prepare himself for the expedition, a process involving on his part a far greater outlay of time and pains than had been incurred by any of his brother officers even in arraying themselves for their momentous excursion to Charlestown a few days before.

Arrived at the house with military exactness at the appointed moment, and strutting rather pompously up the walk, the ensign was promptly let in at the door by Miss Patty herself, who greeted him

"MR. WIGGLESWORTH, I AM DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU!"



cordially and led him into a drawing room to the right. Here she threw open the shutters and, placing her visitor in the strong light, stood off and looked at him. He was certainly a very pretty sight, a fair-faced, flaxen-haired, dapper little grenadier, all bepowdered and beperfumed and quite resplendent in his showy regimentals. Miss Patty gazed at him with rapture :

“Mr. Wigglesworth, I am *delighted* to see you.”

Mr. Wigglesworth serenely turned himself about in the sunlight.

“Thankee, Miss Patty,” he replied in his characteristic drawl. “I am delighted to *be* seen, I assure you.”

“I hope you’ll excuse my writing to you.”

“Well, now, Miss Patty, I’ll try.”

“’Twas a first offence, you know; and I promise never to repeat it.”

“O, I say! Really now, Miss Patty, if I thought that, I’d go right over to Cambridge this minute and cast myself upon the pitchforks of those savages that are encamped there. Upon my word, I would.”

“O, don’t do that, Mr. Wigglesworth, pray don’t! At least not until you’ve done what I wanted of you first. You see I have sent for you as a sort of necessity — a military necessity. These are times of war, you know.”

“La, Miss Patty, I hope you don’t call this war — with only a mob of half-clothed rustics against us, armed with pitchforks and hoe handles.”

“Oh! Was it pitchforks and hoe handles that the King’s troops were running away from one day last April when they came back from Lexington and Concord?”

“Bless you, Miss Patty, the troops didn’t run. Of course, they marched home again after accomplishing what they went out for.”

“Ah! They were very much out of breath, ’tis said, when they got back to town. And was it pitchforks and hoe handles, pray, that on Saturday last sent them twice flying back to the water’s edge like so many sheep, before they were within twenty yards of the redoubt? Humph! They say that Britons never know when they are beaten, and these seem to be cases in point. However, I

didn't send for you to talk about that. I sent for you, to begin with, because you were a soldier."

"O — aw." The soldier drew himself up and elevated his beardless chin.

"And I sent for *you* in preference to any other soldier — Lord Percy or General Howe or the Commander-in-Chief — because I knew that *you* had military genius. This is a case that requires military genius."

"Dear me, Miss Patty." He raised his hand protestingly as if he would put all this glory from him.

"Yes," pursued Patty, "and because I felt sure you would be willing to help me."

"I am your devoted slave."

"And because I knew I could trust you."

"Most assuredly, Miss Patty!"

"And because I knew you weren't afraid of — of powder." She glanced mischievously at his carefully dressed hair.

"Certainly not, Miss Patty!"

"Nor of Americans."

"No — none except *you*."

"Well, it's an American you will have to deal with now. At least, I *think* so. Sit down, do. Didn't I ask you before? Excuse me; I was so full of business. Well, now, do you know anything about the ships in the harbor? Are you acquainted much among the officers, for instance?"

"Why, ya-as. I know some of 'em. There's Linzee, you know. He was at the party where I first had the pleasure of seeing *you*. And then there's Captain Chads" —

"O, I don't mean the captains. *I* know *them*. Do you know any of the midshipmen?"

"I know one or two. Let's see. There's Ingraham of the *Nautilus*, and Hodges of the *Preston*, and Fortescue of the *Somerset*. — I dined with the midshipmen on board the *Somerset* one day — De Berniere and I."

"O, indeed! You dined with the midshipmen on board the *Somerset*, did you? Was that lately?"

"About a fortnight ago."

"Ah! And was one of them named Brenshaw?"

"Brenshaw? Brenshaw?" The ensign repeated

the name thoughtfully. "Well," said he, "the name sounds familiar."

"Pshaw! Of course it does. It is *my* name."

"Bless my soul, so it is, Miss Patty. I can't remember about the midshipmen, though — whether there was any Brenshaw among 'em. I never *was* good at names. If he'd *looked* like you now" —

"Come here," suddenly commanded Miss Patty. "Here, to this window." She drew him across the room to the north window and opened the shutter a little way. "Look out there. Do you see anybody — on a settle there, under the oak-tree?"

The ensign peered cautiously through the crack.

"Why, yaas," drawled he. "I see your sister, Miss Dolly, and another young fellow — That is, I should say, another young person — a fellow in midshipman's uniform. Who is he?"

"Did you never see him before?"

"Never, upon my word."

"He was not one of the midshipmen at your dinner on board the *Somerset*?"

"No."

"You are sure?"

"Yaas," said the ensign, taking another peep through the shutter. "Sure as I am of the number of my buttons."

"Humph! I thought as much."

"Eh?"

"I didn't suppose he *was* one of the midshipmen on board the *Somerset*."

"What ship *does* he belong to?" asked the ensign.

"He belongs to the *Polyhedron*," answered Patty grimly.

She had lately looked up this word in Doctor Johnson's dictionary.

"The *Polyhedron*?" repeated the ensign, perplexed.

"Yes. Come and sit down here while I tell you about him."

They went back to their seats.

"Mr. Wigglesworth," uttered Patty with great solemnity, "do you know I have reasons for believing that that young man out there with my sister Dolly, who wears a King's uniform and pretends to be a King's midshipman, isn't really any such

thing? He is an American and sympathizes with the colonists heart and soul."

"Eh? Bless my soul!" gasped the startled officer.

"Yes; he's a rebel in disguise!"

"You don't tell me, Miss Patty. Why, then he is a *spy* and ought to be arrested."

"Ah!" exclaimed Patty, with a gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. "What is that you say?"

"I say that if he is one of the enemy, inside our lines in disguise, he ought to be arrested as a spy."

"Mr. Wigglesworth," cried Patty, "you are a jewel."

"Yaas?" assented the ensign, entirely conscious of his general worth but not quite aware to what special merit this encomium was due.

"Yes; you are a jewel. A crown jewel, one might say."

"Really, Miss Patty" —

"I felt sure I was not mistaken in you. I *knew* you had military genius. You have hit it exactly."

"Have I?" murmured the pleased subaltern.

“Well! I’m a great hand for hitting it. Almost always do it — sometimes without knowing it myself.”

“Yes; you’ve hit it. You have suggested just the plan that I want. Wait. Don’t say a word. Let me think.” She placed her finger upon her lips and for perhaps four seconds was completely lost in a fit of becoming abstraction. Then she awoke with energy. “Yes; that is what we will do. You shall arrest him.”

“All right,” responded the ensign cheerfully. “I’ll arrest him and have him all hung for you, inside of twenty-four hours.”

“O-ooh!” cried Patty in consternation. “Hung! What do you mean?”

“Why, if he is really a spy then of course he will be hung.”

“O, but he *isn’t* really a spy. He is my cousin.”

“Your cousin?”

“Yes; and it’s only a joke, his putting on that uniform and coming into town here — just to play a trick on *us* and make us think he is our cousin from England.”

“Well,” inquired the ensign, who thought this was getting to be extremely complicated, “what do you want to arrest him for, then?”

“Why, I want to *find out*.”

“Find out?”

“Yes; find out whether he really *is* an American or not; and whether he really is our English cousin or not. I am not quite sure, after all.”

“O, you’re not quite sure?” The ensign considered the matter soberly for a minute. “Well,” said he, not without point, “wouldn’t it be well to find out before we arrest him?”

“But,” protested Patty, “that’s what I want to arrest him for—to find out. Don’t you see?”

The ensign passed his hand across his troubled brow. “Why, yaas, I don’t know but I do. Let’s see. We want to arrest him in order to find out; and we want to find out in order to arrest him. Is that it?”

“Ye-es,” answered Patty, “I guess so. At any rate, I want to arrest him; and then when he finds himself arrested and accused of being a spy, of course he will tell who he really is and all about it

in order to clear himself; and so we shall find out. Of course I don't mean to *truly* arrest him: I only meant to arrest him by way of a joke — only he wasn't to know that it was a joke. And I thought that you, being a soldier, could arrange it for me." Then all at once she drew herself up with a vast assumption of dignity. "However, if you don't *wish* to help me, very well. I understood you to say that you were my slave. I thought that I could depend upon you in an emergency. But I see that I was mistaken. I regret that I have put you to the trouble of coming here for nothing. I will look elsewhere for a friend in need." She turned her back upon him with a deeply injured air, and marched off across the room.

The bewildered ensign gazed at her aghast for one moment and then hurried after.

"O — but — aw — really, now — Bless my soul and body, Miss Patty! — I didn't understand, upon my word I didn't. I didn't know you meant to arrest him in the way of a joke. Help you! Of *course* I'll help you. I'll be only too glad. And as for jokes, I'm a great hand at jokes, I assure

you. Why, we have lots of jokes in our mess; and I'm almost always at the bottom of 'em in one way or another."

"Well then," demanded the young lady, turning upon him fiercely, "what are you making all this fuss about, pray — if you are willing to help me?"

"Fuss!" repeated the sorely perplexed ensign, thinking to himself at the same time what an abysm woman was. "Have I been making a fuss? I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to. Indeed I didn't. I'll do just what you say, if you'll only command me. I give you my word I will."

"Well, then," said Patty, swiftly relenting again, "sit down here upon this sofa." She led him to the sofa and took her own seat beside him. "Now," said she in a tone and manner suddenly quite friendly and confidential, "in the first place this is a *secret* conference. Nobody is to know of it except ourselves. Can you keep a secret?"

"Like the grave, Miss Patty. Why, you don't think I am like the Governor's lady, do you? — who, they say, let out the secret of the Concord expedition before it took place?"

“Well, see that *you* don’t let out the secret of this expedition before it takes place. Now what I want, exactly, is this. I want you to get some soldiers — Can you get some soldiers?”

“Bless you, yes; a whole regiment of them.”

“I didn’t know there were any whole regiments left, after the affair of Saturday,” observed Patty caustically. “But you won’t need a whole regiment to capture one boy, sixteen years old. Three or four men will be enough. I want you to get three or four soldiers, then, and come here with them to-night at — well, at half-past eight o’clock, let us say. You must dress yourself up as a sergeant or corporal, or something, and disguise yourself so you will not be recognized. There’s a wicket gate in the wall down behind the house at the foot of the grounds. Come to that at precisely half-past eight o’clock and I will be there to let you in. You may knock with your knuckles four times — slowly — upon the wicket, so that I shall know it is you. Do you understand? And I guess we had better have a password too, so as to make sure. Let’s see: *Bunker Hill* will be a good

word, will it not? It will remind you of the splendid *victory* recently gained by your illustrious companions in arms. Well, you knock four times and say *Bunker Hill* and I will let you in. And *then* I will tell you what else I want."

"I suppose you expect us to go up to the house and arrest him?" queried the ensign. "That is the idea, isn't it?"

"Yes; only I can't tell yet just how I shall be able to arrange it. I must get him off somewhere, away from the rest, if I can. I don't want anybody to know about it if I can help it — nor any disturbance made. I wouldn't have him *really* arrested, or accused of being a spy, for the world. You understand *that* and that I depend thoroughly upon your discretion. You are to pretend that you have had information somehow that he is here in disguise and that you are sent to arrest him and take him to headquarters. And then I will interfere perhaps — I shall be right there — and suggest that maybe if he can prove his identity, or explain his disguise satisfactorily, you will let him go. And you will agree to that; and of course then he will

have to confess to avoid being taken before General Gage; and so I shall find out what I want to know — whether he really *is* my English cousin or whether he really isn't. We'll make him give an account of himself. Don't you call that an ingenious plan?"

"Well! I should say I did. It's masterly, Miss Patty."

"I told you you were a military genius."

"Yaas! but it isn't my plan, you know."

"Indeed it is, Mr. Wigglesworth, in the main. I *never* should have been able to conceive it or elaborate it without your help."

"Really now, Miss Patty," — he deprecated.

"Really now, Mr. Wigglesworth, you are too modest. It isn't always the old soldiers that are the wisest. I haven't a doubt but that, if *you* had been put in command of the troops Saturday instead of Lord Howe, the result would have been materially different."

"O — aw. Well, really now, Miss Patty, I *may* say that if I had been in Howe's place I should have thought it better to have taken the redoubt before the rebels had used up their ammunition. There'd

have been a good deal more glory in it, you know."

"No doubt there would," dryly assented the young lady. "Well, you see I shall profit by the Governor's experience and entrust the command in *this* affair to you instead of to Sir William Howe. But we must not talk about it any longer. I have a great deal to do yet in the matter myself, and you must go right away and make all *your* arrangements—about the men and about your disguise, you know. There isn't a minute too much time."

Then the young lady, who had already risen to her feet, gently but forcibly conducted her visitor to the door; and Ensign Wigglesworth took his departure, thoroughly satisfied with himself and the new service in which he had enlisted.

CHAPTER X.

MASTER GERVAISE IS ARRESTED.

PATTY, as the door closed behind her caller, turned and went slowly up-stairs, pondering the farther details of her plan. In the hall above she halted doubtfully a moment, and then going on to the door of Gervaise's room, she pushed it open and looked in. The room was empty, of course, Gervaise being still out under the oak-tree with Dolly; and after an instant's longer hesitation Patty suddenly seemed to come to a final decision and stepped across the threshold.

"I don't like to do such a thing at all," she murmured—"rummaging about people's rooms while they are away. But I don't see how I can help it. It won't do to have anybody shot in this affair. It's another case of military necessity. And besides, hasn't General Gage issued a proc-

lamation commanding all private citizens to give up their arms? It is my duty as a loyal subject to see that his commands are enforced," concluded Patty.

So saying she went straight to a table that stood by the window, and opened the drawer in which, as she happened to know, Gervaise was accustomed to leave a small pistol that he had brought. A single glance within brought a look of disappointment to her face.

"Why, it isn't here," said she. "Can it be that he has it in his pocket? I will look in the drawers of the bureau; it may be there."

But several minutes' farther search failed to bring the looked-for weapon to light. She came upon a small bag of bullets, however, from which she had several times seen the pistol loaded, and she took possession of this as the next best thing. "Even Americans can't fight very well when their ammunition is exhausted," said she.

Then she went down-stairs again, presently sauntering out into the grounds and joining her sister and cousin beneath the oak-tree.

"We are talking about our lost cousin," Dolly said as she came up.

"Yes," said Gervaise. "Our Virginian cousin Gervaise." He looked Patty straight in the eye, wondering if she *did* suspect who he was.

"O," responded Patty, calmly returning his glance, "my Virginian cousin Gervaise."

"I can't help feeling anxious about him," continued Dolly, "in spite of the note we got last night."

"I wouldn't wonder if he had run away to sea," said Patty. "Or fallen victim to a press-gang at least. It was a very seaman-like personage that brought the note. I asked him if he was a sailor, and he said that just now he had 'got his land-tacks aboard.' That was all I could get out of him. I *think* that was what he said. He either said that he had got them aboard or that he had *not* got them aboard. Which would it be, cousin Gervaise the midshipman?"

"I'm sure if *you* can't tell what he said, I can't," laughed cousin Gervaise the midshipman.

"But what *do* you suppose has become of him?"

persisted Dolly, still true to the main question. "You don't really think he has been taken on board the ship, do you?"

"Cousin Gervaise might go and see," suggested Patty maliciously; "he hasn't been on board ship for some time."

"I do believe you want to get rid of me," declared Gervaise, professing to feel injured.

"O, no; but I don't want you to forget any of your extensive nautical knowledge." Then after a moment she went on: "As for our Virginian cousin, very possibly, after all, it is the army and not the navy that is responsible for his nonappearance. Now I think of it, he disappeared the other morning the instant that Governor Gage and Sir William Howe came in sight. Perhaps he has some reason to be afraid of them. Perhaps he has been arrested by order of the Governor."

"Arrested by order of the Governor!" cried Dolly. "For what, pray?"

"O, I don't know. For being an American, perhaps — inside the British lines."

"Well, but there are plenty of Americans inside

the British lines. *We* are Americans inside the British lines."

"Yes," said Patty, "but he *came* in — from the outside. And for all *they* know, he may be a *spy*."

"A spy!" uttered Dolly in horror.

"Pooh!" here exclaimed Gervaise, who seemed also to have found something in the matter worthy of being considered seriously. "He didn't come here as a spy, and there's no reason they should think he did. A spy comes to obtain information."

"Well," said Patty, "how would they know he didn't come to obtain information?"

"But a spy comes in *disguise* too. That is the chief thing about a spy."

"O, is it?" Patty's eyes rested thoughtfully on the cuff of Gervaise's uniform jacket. "Then," said she, "if an American came into the English lines *in disguise*, he would be a spy, would he? And liable to be arrested and hung?"

"Well, ye-es, I suppose he might be," Gervaise answered very slowly. Evidently a new idea had been put into his head; and he sat and considered it a moment in silence. "But pshaw!"

he all at once burst forth, "that hasn't anything to do with *this* case. Of course it hasn't!"

"Hasn't it?" said Patty innocently. "I didn't know. They are so very strict since the battle at Charlestown. And besides I've noticed a British soldier several times lately, hanging about this street and looking in at our front gate. I saw him only last night — talking with cousin Gervaise's servant Pompey."

"You did?" exclaimed Gervaise, starting up. "That stupid negro! What has he been saying now! I wish I had had sense enough to leave him in Virg ——" Then he stopped himself abruptly, aware that his tongue had made a dangerous slip.

But at this instant — by the happiest accident, it seemed to him — Miss Patty herself created a diversion.

"Oh! Oh!" she suddenly cried out with a show of delight which, considering her years, was rather in excess of its cause, "there's a robin redbreast! — there under the syringa bush. Quick — quick, cousin Gervaise! Give me your pistol, quick. I want to see if I can hit him."

Gervaise, rejoiced enough to think that his unfortunate utterance had passed unnoticed, quickly took his pistol from the pocket of his jacket and handed it to his cousin. Patty received the weapon from him rather gingerly and, awkwardly cocking it, took careful aim somewhere in the direction of the bird, and then, shutting her eyes tight, pulled the trigger. The robin, alarmed at the report, though quite unconscious of the fact that a ball had accompanied it, instantly flew away.

"Oh dear!" cried Patty, "I have missed him. Isn't it too bad? Wait, though! *Sh!* He has only flown up in the tree. Quick, cousin Gervaise. Load it again, please. I can hit him this time, I am sure." She handed back the pistol.

"I'm very sorry," said Gervaise, "but I haven't any more bullets — not here. They're up-stairs, in my room. Shall I go and get them for you?"

"Oh, never mind," said Patty magnanimously. "Let the poor little thing go. I don't know why I wanted to kill it at all. I must have thought it was a red-coat." Then she yawned slightly behind her hand. "I think I will take a walk,"

said she, "down by the brook. I've been shut up in the house all the afternoon."

"Shall we go with you?" offered Gervaise, turning to Dolly.

"O no, thank you," said Patty. "Pray don't trouble yourself. I'll go alone."

And she turned away at once, leaving them there beneath the oak-tree.

Down at the foot of the grounds she went and examined the gate in the wall; and finding the key in the lock, she turned it presently and then transferred it to her pocket. "I may as well make sure of that too," she said, "while I am about it."

Ensign Wigglesworth easily found four stout grenadiers who were off duty that evening and who were very willing, in consideration of the generous piece of gold which the happy little officer promised them, to enlist in his private service. These were directed to report themselves, fully armed and equipped, within fifteen minutes after the Old South clock should strike eight, in the middle of a certain vacant lot in the rear of the Brenshaw place. Not so easy was it however to find the outfit re-

quired for his own use on this occasion ; but a diminutive drummer of the regiment was finally thought of whose uniform, with some alteration, was made to answer the purpose. Thus made ready, and armed with a musket instead of his sword, *Corporal* Wigglesworth met his men at the appointed time and place, and putting himself at their head, the squad took up its silent line of march to the scene of its anticipated operations.

Arrived at the gate, the ensign listened a moment and then knocked softly four times upon the wicket as had been agreed ; whereupon a challenge, prompt and peremptory, though the voice in which it was uttered lacked something of military firmness, issued from the opening :

“Who goes there ?”

“It is I, Miss Patty. Here I am with my men, all ready.”

“*Who goes there ?*” the challenger repeated, this time sternly enough and in a tone that declared the answer already given an insufficient or improper one.

“Eh ? O — A Friend.”

"Advance, Friend, and give the countersign."

"*Bunker Hill.*"

"Correct."

Then the wicket closed with a click and the next moment the gate itself was opened.

"Why didn't you get here sooner?" Patty demanded, as the ensign entered.

"Why, Miss Patty, it is only half-past eight, this minute. You told me half-past eight."

"Humph! *I* was here a good deal before that."

What with having waited there quite a while brooding perhaps over the difficulties of the somewhat delicate enterprise upon which she had entered, the young lady seemed a little unreasonable and out of humor. "Well," said she, after shutting the gate, "are you ready to follow me?"

"Ready to follow you to the death, Miss Patty."

"Thank you. You may follow me up to the wood-house instead, if you please. I am going to put you in the wood-house until I can arrange matters a little farther. I haven't been able to arrange them yet." Then she suddenly concluded, sharply, "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Only waiting for you to lead the way, Miss Patty," responded the ensign cheerfully.

"Very good. Come, then — and please not make so much noise about it. This is a *secret* expedition, remember."

Without more words she turned toward the house, the ensign walking by her side and his men falling in behind. Passing around the stables, they stepped cautiously along the grass that bordered the driveway and at length gained the door of the "wood-house," this being the last and smallest of a series of additions which extended from the house — the wash-room being next to it and the kitchen next to that — the three connected with each other also by doors inside.

It was a starlight night, warm and soft. Across the sward from where they stood, a door leading into the back hall of the house stood open; and from another open door within — which led into the kitchen — a stream of light came out and the sound of the servants' voices.

Patty softly undid the fastenings of the wood-house door and threw it open. "I shall have to

put you in here for a few minutes," she whispered.

"I will let you know when I am ready for you."

The ensign looked in at the door, striving to penetrate the darkness. "O, I say now, Miss Patty, you don't mean to shut us up in there. This isn't a joke on *us*, is it?"

"*No*, indeed!" answered Patty indignantly. "You may keep the door open — a little way — if you want to. Indeed, that's what you must do, so as to keep your eye upon that curtain yonder, at the kitchen window. When you see me come to that and raise it to look out, then you may know that it is time. But *until* then you are to keep perfectly quiet and not stir. Come, go in, please."

"All right," said the ensign, collecting his courage. "Come, men." The men stepped carefully inside the door. "But what shall we do if anybody should come out here — for wood or any thing?" inquired their leader, preparing to follow.

"In that case you must crawl into the charcoal bin."

"O, I say now, Miss Patty!" The poor ensign

felt that he was really beginning to taste of the horrors of war.

“Yes,” said Patty. “But nobody *will* come. Come, go in. I shall give you the signal in a very few minutes, as soon as I can get him out into the kitchen. You are to come to that door there and knock; and then, whoever comes to the door—probably *I* shall—you are to push straight by them and arrest him—the midshipman. Arrest him as a spy, you know, in the name of the King, and all that. You’ll know just what to say. And then—well, I don’t know just what we *will* do next. It will depend upon what *he* does. You can watch and take your cue from me. I shall know what to do when the time comes. I always do.”

So saying she pushed the ensign inside the door and turned away to re-enter the house as she had left it—by a door opening on the side piazza.

She found the family sitting together in the music-room. Gervaise was looking over some of Dolly’s drawings with her. “Cousin Gervaise,” said she with an air of being very busy about something, “I’m sorry to interrupt you, but I want very

much that you should help me a few moments if you will."

"Certainly," said Gervaise, getting up from his chair. "I had just finished looking at cousin Dolly's drawings."

"You have a good knife, I suppose?"

"Who ever heard of a sailor not having a good knife?" said Dolly.

"Well, I want you and your knife out in the kitchen a few minutes. I can't bring my work in here, because it would make a litter."

"I suppose I can come too," said Dolly, laughing.

"Why, of course," answered Patty, although she would have preferred her sister to remain behind.

In the kitchen were four of the black servants, Aunt Cuba the cook, old Ptolemy, Gracchus, and Gervaise's boy Pompey. They were laughing and talking sociably, after the boisterous, innocent manner of their race.

"Aunt," Patty explained, "we want to use your kitchen a bit. You won't mind it if we make a little litter, will you?"

"Min' it, chile?" The old woman looked up at

her indulgently over her steel spectacles. "Bress your dear heart, Honey, I don' min' no litter *you'll* make roun' dis house. I don't ask no tidier body 'n you is ter clean up arter."

So, bidding her companions sit down, Patty went out into the wash-room, returning immediately however, and with a small coil of rope in her hand. With this she sat down beside her cousin as if to tell him what she wished him to do. There was no reason now why she should not at once have gone to the window and given the signal agreed upon; but she still felt a little nervous and was disposed to give herself a few minutes more in which to prepare for the decisive instant.

"I suppose you know what this is?" she said to Gervaise as she held out the rope.

"Yes," he replied laughing, "it's a rope."

"I'm very glad to find that you can answer *one* question upon nautical subjects."

"A rope isn't necessarily a nautical subject," said Gervaise. "Ropes are used on land as well as at sea."

"Certainly," returned Patty. "They are used

to tie horses with, and to hang out clothes, and — and to hang spies, I believe.” She had not meant exactly to say this last, but her tongue had suddenly said it for her.

“O, Patty!” cried her sister. “How *can* you say such things? You make me shudder — after what we were saying to-night about our Virginian cousin.”

“But you are not going to hang any spies with this rope, I suppose,” said Gervaise a little crossly. “What would you like me to do with it, please?”

“Well,” said Patty, “let’s see.” She had no very definite idea herself as to what she would like him to do with it. “In the first place, you may cut it into four pieces, as nearly equal as possible.”

“All right,” said Gervaise. “That’s easy enough done.” He doubled the rope twice and then, with two strokes of his knife, divided it into the number of parts required. “What next?”

“What next?” repeated Patty, asking the question as much of herself as of him.

“Yes; what shall I do with the pieces now I’ve got ’em cut?”

"Well," said Patty, "let's see again." She was aware that she must think of something to do with them, or else now give the signal; and the latter she was still not quite ready to do. "O," she continued, "I know. You may take two of them and splice them together."

"Splice them together?" cried Gervaise in dismay. He could not have done such a thing to save his life. "Why," he protested piteously, "I've just cut them apart. What do you want them spliced together again for?"

"O," said Patty, "I'll show you when you get it done."

"Hark!" uttered Dolly all at once. "I thought I heard somebody walking outside the door."

"I'm afraid my remark about the rope has made you nervous," said Patty.

"No. There! I certainly heard a footstep."

"I'll soon see if anybody is out there," cried Patty, quickly making up her mind that the time had come. She jumped up and, going to the window, lifted the curtain and looked out. "I can't see anything," she declared, truly enough. After

a moment she dropped the curtain again and turned from the window. The next instant a step outside was distinctly heard by them all ; and then there came a rap at the outer door.

Patty looked around the room. Everybody sat silent ; and all — with the exception of Gervaise, perhaps — looked startled.

“Ar’n’t any of you going to the door?” asked she. “Ptolemy!”

“Sartainly, Missy. Sartainly.” The negro arose from his chair with evident reluctance and stood emptying his pipe into his hand.

“O, if you’re afraid,” cried Patty, “I’ll go myself.” She turned impatiently toward the door.

Before she could reach it, however, the sound of numerous footsteps was heard in the hall, and then there suddenly appeared in the inside doorway the scarlet-coated form of Mr. Wigglesworth, a sight not so terrible in itself but for the more formidable proportioned figures that loomed up behind it. Dolly uttered a little cry ; Gervaise rose to his feet ; the servants sat wonder-stricken in their chairs.

The little corporal advanced to the middle of the

room followed by his file of men. There he came to a halt, grounded his musket heavily upon the floor and touched his hat to the young ladies. The original lines of his slender figure were somewhat altered by the padding he had found it necessary to introduce beneath his coat, and a thick clubbed wig completed his sufficiently effectual disguise.

"Ve 'opes you'll *hex*cuse us, leddies," he began, affecting an elaborate cockney accent and keeping his face perfectly straight and solemn. "Ve don't come 'ere ter make no disturberance whatsosumdever. Ve honly vishes ter do our dooty accordin' ter horders from 'eadquarters, and then ve'll go hoff and leave you as quiet hand peaceful as ve finds you. Hit's honly this young gen'lemun as ve has come for." Then he marched over to where Gervaise was standing and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Hi harrest you, sir, hin the name hof 'is Royal Majesty, King George the Third."

Gervaise looked at him in astonishment. "Arrest me!" he exclaimed. "What in the name of His Royal Majesty, King George the Third, are you going to do that for, I should like to know."



ARRESTED AS A SPY.

"Vell, zur," replied the corporal with dignity, "Hi don't know as Hi am bound ter say. Howsumdever, Hi don't know, likewise, as there's hany hobjection ter sayin' that hit's for treason. Yer suspected hof bein' a spy."

At this Gervaise burst out laughing, though his merriment was little forced.

"Why, you precious dolt!" cried he. "What nonsense is this? Have you been drinking too much black beer at some North End tavern? Take your hand off my shoulder, sir, and stand back!" He fiercely shook himself clear of the other's hand.

"O, I say, now," declared the ensign, starting back in alarm and for the moment forgetting his cockneyism. Then recovering himself, he motioned to his grenadiers to draw nearer. "Now, look 'ere, my fine fellow," said he. "You'd better submit vithout makin' no fuss habout it. There's enough hof us ter take yer by force hif necessary."

"Then let's see you do it!" said Gervaise, suddenly stepping back and placing himself against the wall, pulling out his pistol and cocking it at the same time. "Come on, you lobster-coated min-

ions!" he shouted, now thoroughly aroused and defiant. "I'll perforate *one* of you at least before you will take me. You are not so small, my friend, but that I can hit you at this distance." He levelled his weapon at the head of the little officer.

"O, I say now," the latter again exclaimed, retreating hastily to the side of his grenadier and putting up his arm as if to ward off the ball. "Don't fire, for gracious sake! No violence, you know, in the presence of ladies."

At this instant Dolly stepped forward, pale and beseeching.

"O, sir," said she to the ensign, "what is the meaning of this? This gentleman is our cousin, Master Brenshaw, a midshipman of His Majesty's ship the *Somerset*. He is no spy. There has been some mistake, be assured, sir."

"Mistake!" chimed in Patty, also confronting the officer and addressing him in her fiercest manner. "Of *course* there has been a mistake. Can't you see, sir, that this gentleman has on a King's uniform and is an officer in His Majesty's navy? You will be so good as to take yourself out of this

house, sir — this instant — you and your men!”

And she stamped her small foot upon the floor.

“Eh? Really now,” uttered the bewildered ensign, quite at a loss to understand this attitude of the young lady. “You don’t mean, now, do you” —

“Yes, I *do* mean, now, do I” — Miss Patty advanced still nearer to him until her flashing eyes looked straight into his. Then she whispered in a tone so low as to reach his ears alone: “O, you *stupid!* Don’t mind anything *I* say. Do as I told you. *Arrest him!* The pistol isn’t loaded.”

“O — aw! Certainly,” gasped the ensign. He turned to his men. “Peters, Roulston, secure the fellow.” Then he communicated to them, also in a whisper, the fact that the pistol was unloaded.

The men named stepped resolutely forward, prepared to make short work of obeying the order. Soldiers and strong men that they were, they of course stood in no fear of a stripling like Gervaise, especially when they knew that his weapon was harmless. And their task was made even easier for them than they anticipated. For at that instant the boy Pompey, with a genuine howl of terror and

dismay, suddenly threw himself bodily upon our hero, clasping him about in such a manner as to render him for the moment entirely helpless.

“O, Mars’ Jarvey, Mars’ Jarvey!” he cried out in heart-rending accents. In such a moment there was no doubt in the faithful servant’s mind about this being his real master. “Dey shahn’t kill you! Dey shahn’t do it! Dey’ll have ter shoot froo po’ Pomp hisself, befo’ dey kin do it!”

Our hero, however much at another time he might have valued such an evidence of devotion on the part of Mister Pompey, had no patience with it whatever at the present moment, and he angrily sought to shake himself free. This was no easy matter, however, and by the time it had been accomplished the two grenadiers had also laid hands upon the young gentleman, and he presently found himself, in spite of the vigorous resistance which he made, completely a prisoner, his hands bound tightly behind his back with a piece of the identical rope which he had so lately cut into lengths for his cousin Patty.

“Well,” said he wrathfully, when at length he found himself thus secured, “now that you’ve got me — with the help of the negro there — what are you going to do with me?”

“Vy,” answered the ensign, prepared, now that the capture was accomplished, to become once more prominent, “you are haccused hof being an *Haymerican* inside our lines in disguise. You’ll ’ave to prove hit, you know, or else be taken hup ter ’eadquarters.”

“Prove what?” inquired Gervaise witheringly. “That I’m an *Haymerican*?”

“No; but that you’re a hofficer and ’ave a right to that jacket you’ve got hon.”

“Of course you can easily prove *that*, cousin Gervaise,” exclaimed Patty, feeling that she had been a good while silent.

“Certainly he can prove it!” chimed in Dolly with dignity. “What ought to be done, cousin Gervaise? Cannot you send word — by one of these men, perhaps — on board your ship for somebody to come and answer for you? This — this person” — gravely inclining her head in the direction of Mr.

Wigglesworth — “will surely consent to that and wait here with you until it can be done.”

“Certainly, Miss,” declared the obliging ensign.

“O, yes!” cried Patty. “That will be just the thing.”

But Gervaise shook his head. “No,” said he sullenly. “I’ll do nothing of the kind.” He, of course, was aware that there could be no such way as this for him out of the difficulty, which, he began to feel, was a very serious one. In some way or other, it seemed evident the authorities had discovered his presence here and that he was not what he pretended to be. Was it possible that it could really be insisted that he was a spy? The thought startled him and made him cautious. “No,” he repeated, “I don’t care to send for anybody or to say anything. It’s all nonsense, of course, about my being a spy, but take me to headquarters, if you like. I don’t see that I can help myself.”

“O,” said the ensign, feeling that this attitude on the part of the prisoner was not exactly what had been expected. “I say, but you must do one thing hor the hother, ye know.”

“One thing or the other?” inquired Gervaise haughtily. “What other?”

“Why, you must either prove that you’re a midshipman — a British hoffer, you know, or else you must hexplain it, ye know — hexplain why you hain’t.” He glanced at Patty to see if this way of putting it met with her approval.

“O,” said Gervaise ironically. “Well, I don’t think I’ll explain to *you*, at any rate.”

“But you will explain to *us*, cousin Gervaise,” put in Patty, somewhat anxious now for the success of her plan and quite at a loss as to what should be done next if Gervaise persisted in keeping silence.

“No,” replied Gervaise, soberly. “I don’t think I’ll explain even to you.”

“O, but you *must* explain!” asserted Patty in distress. “You’ll be taken before General Gage, you know, if you don’t.”

“Very well,” responded Gervaise. He had already made up his mind that if it had come to it that the matter must be explained, it had best be explained to the Governor himself.

“Yes,” persisted Patty, much provoked at his

obstinacy, "but you will be tried for a spy, maybe, and — and thrown into prison ; and — yes, you may be *hung!*" She felt justified now in resorting to the very severest measures.

"All right," rejoined Gervaise grimly, "if it must come to that. Let 'em do their worst."

Patty turned away in great trouble. But after an instant's thought she managed to convey a whispered word to the ensign.

"Ask if you can have the use of the wood-house and say that you will put him in there for a while. He'll be ready to confess, I guess, by the time he has been kept in a dark coal-bin an hour or two."

"O — ow!" stammered the ensign, slowly catching this new idea. Then, "Vell, leddies," he said, "we doesn't vish ter do violence to your feelin's by a tearin' of the young gen'leman away so sudden like — and hall along hof 'is hobstinacy 'cause he won't hexplain. Hif you could give hus the use hof one hof the hout-buildings, perhaps ve might keep 'im 'ere just for to-night."

"Why, certainly," cried Patty in haste. "You can put him in the wood-house. That will be a per-

fectly safe place — a great deal better than taking him off to prison. And O, cousin Gervaise, do think better of this and send to the ship for some one ! It will be dreadful to be carried off a prisoner ; and you don't know what may come of it."

But Gervaise preserved a gloomy silence, and was thus lead away by his captors to his novel place of confinement.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ESCAPE.

WHAT *does* it all mean?" Dolly exclaimed as Gervaise disappeared in the hands of the soldiers.

"I'm sure *I* can't tell you," Patty answered. And in truth, although it was in a different way, she was quite as much puzzled and distressed as her sister.

"I'm afraid it means something dreadful at bottom," continued Dolly anxiously. "Of course cousin Gervaise can prove *his* innocence easily enough; though I wonder he did not send at once to the ship and do it. But I can't help feeling, Patty, that all this has something to do with our *other* cousin Gervaise — from Virginia. Perhaps the authorities have gotten them mixed up in some way, and it was *he* whom they meant to arrest."

“I’m sure I don’t know,” declared Patty. “I’ve gotten them mixed up myself.” Then, after a moment’s reflection, she added, “At any rate, there’s no great harm done yet. They haven’t taken him away. And I think, Dolly, we had best not say anything about it to mamma — until they do. It will only alarm her. You go back to the music room now and I will stay here awhile and see what is done. If mamma inquires, you can say you left us out here.”

As Dolly drew near the music-room door she caught sound of a manly voice, recognizable at once as that of her supposed Virginian cousin ; and she hurried forward, overjoyed, to greet him.

“Why, cousin Gervaise,” she cried as she advanced to shake hands, “I am so glad to see you again ! We have been dreadfully worried. We thought you must have been taken prisoner, or impressed, or something.”

The young man smiled gravely, rising to meet her. “I don’t know but you were right about my being impressed,” said he. “At any rate, I have been engaged in doing boat-service for His Ma-

jesty almost all the time since I saw you. I was just telling the ladies how it took all Saturday night and the best part of Sunday to bring back the dead and wounded from across the river. I've seen some awful sights since I left you — enough to sober me for one while, I think. I myself brought over, at one trip, three dead captains and a dying major — all of the same regiment. Saturday was a sad day. This town, they say, hasn't seen so many funerals in a dozen years as it saw yesterday morning in the various churches and churchyards — to say nothing of all the brave fellows, the private soldiers, that were buried where they fell."

"It is very sad," Madame Brenshaw murmured. "We have heard before this that the royal loss, in dead and wounded, can fall little short of a thousand men. The whole town is wrapped in gloom — except the Whigs who, no doubt, are rejoicing at the murder their friends have done. They certainly have nothing else to rejoice at in this affair."

"Pray where did you disappear to so suddenly that morning on the Hill?" Dolly inquired. "We looked around and you were gone."

“O,” answered the young man with no show of confusion, “I saw somebody whom I knew; and duty called, you know, so I slipped away. I saw there was going to be a fight and I thought I might be some help somewhere.”

“You acted in a manner quite worthy of your name,” pronounced Madame Brenshaw approvingly. “I wonder that your cousin of England did not also hear the call of duty and slip away. It has seemed to me very strange, I must say, that he, an officer of the Royal Navy, should have been content to remain a spectator, while his comrades were fighting for their King.”

“O,” said the stranger lightly, “not half the troops were in the action, you know. There were plenty of men both ashore and on board the ships who had nothing to do but to look on.”

“It seems, however, that you found something else to do,” rejoined the lady, “though you were not an officer at all.”

“By the way, where *is* our English cousin — and Miss Patty also?” the lad inquired, glancing around.

"They are out in the other part of the house," Dolly answered him at once. "Would you like to see them? We will go out and find them if you wish." This was the opportunity the girl had been wishing for.

So they two went out together into the hall. They were no sooner out of hearing of Madame Brenshaw and the governess than Dolly halted, laying her hand on her companion's arm.

"O, cousin Gervaise," she said, "something perfectly dreadful has happened. They've arrested our other cousin Gervaise."

"Arrested him!" exclaimed he in a startled voice. "*Who* has arrested him? And what for?"

"Some soldier sent by the Governor — and they say he is suspected of being a spy." Then she related briefly the circumstances of the arrest.

"May I be keelhauled!" exclaimed he, as she finished. "I expected something of the sort to come of this nonsense!" He stood and reflected a moment with a troubled face. "I tell you what it is, cousin Dolly," he at length said, very soberly indeed, "this is no joke."

"No, indeed!" said Dolly.

"Where have they taken him to? Do you know?"

"O, they haven't taken him away yet. They have locked him up in the wood-house and are keeping guard over him."

"Why, that's very odd," said he. "What did they do that for?"

"Patty persuaded the officer, I believe. She always makes them do as she wishes."

"I'll warrant you!" said the stranger. "Well, I'll go out there at once. Maybe I can explain it to 'em."

"But," interposed Dolly, "don't you think you had better not show yourself to them? Don't you see there must be some mistake? Isn't it probable it was *you* whom they meant to arrest? Of course there can be no real reason for thinking *him* a spy, when they know who he really is; but *you*, being an American, you know, and coming into the town from the outside, and — and" — She hesitated and looked up at him timidly.

He shook his head, smiling faintly. "There isn't

the slightest fear of their thinking *me* a spy, cousin Dolly. You needn't worry about that. However, it may be just as well for me not to go out there just now. I wish I knew what *to* do, though."

"Why would it not be a good plan, then," suggested Dolly, "for *you* to go down to his ship — if you think you could get off to her — and get somebody to come on shore and identify him. We tried to get him to send one of the soldiers ; but he refused. He was very angry and would do and say nothing at all. But *you* could go, couldn't you ?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, somewhat absently, for he was still thinking deeply. "Yes ; I suppose I could go." Then he asked suddenly, "You say he is locked up in the wood-house ?"

"Yes."

"The wood-house is the farthest of the out-buildings, isn't it ? Is there any door to it except the outside one ?"

"Yes ; you can go through the wash-room door."

"Is there any other opening — any window ?"

"No ; — at least there is nothing but a scuttle in the roof out at the farther end."

“Is it fastened?”

“I think not.”

“Hum!” murmured the young man.

“Well,” said he decidedly, “I think I’d better be off at once. You’ll have to make some excuse for me. I can’t say just when I’ll be back. I’ll just take the key of the south side-door, in case I should be late.”

Then he went back into the front hall for his hat; and Dolly, listening carefully, heard him let himself softly out by the door he had named.

Dolly went at once to the kitchen to communicate to her sister the result of this interview. Patty was sitting at the kitchen table with her chin in her hands, reading Benjamin West’s *New England Almanack; or, Lady’s and Gentleman’s Diary for 1775*. She looked up and yawned as Dolly appeared. “It is rather tiresome work, this keeping guard,” said she. “But I’m going to stay out here, nevertheless. And I think it is very foolish of cousin Gervaise to let himself be shut up so, when he could release himself by a word. If he is a midshipman why doesn’t he prove it?”

"It is going to be proved for him right away," Dolly replied ; and then went on to inform her sister that their other cousin had returned and how she had just sent him off to the *Somerset* to get somebody to come and identify the prisoner.

Patty looked more puzzled than ever. "Do you think he has really gone down to the *Somerset* to get somebody?" asked she.

"I do," answered Dolly, who fully believed she had been assured of this.

"I wonder if it *is* all right about them, after all," Patty mused to herself. "If it is, I shall have made a pretty mess of it." Then she said aloud, "Well, it will be some time before he gets back. And I am tired of sitting here. Suppose we go the Grand rounds."

She led the way out the door. Outside the house all was dark save that the stars and the light from the windows rendered objects near by indistinctly visible. Near the door of the wood-house two grenadiers could be seen solemnly marching up and down with their arms at shoulder. The two girls walked along the path in their direction ; and

Patty, as they arrived at the wood-house door — which stood wide open — made a move as if to enter. She was instantly stopped by a musket that barred the way. She drew back with eyes whose flash could be seen in the darkness.

“What do you mean by that, sir?” she demanded of the offending sentinel. “Can’t we enter our own wood-house, if we please, I should like to know.”

“We can’t let anybody pass here, Miss,” answered the soldier respectfully. “Them’s the orders.”

“Humph!” said Patty. “The next thing we know you will come and post yourselves in the house, I suppose, and forbid us to enter our own dining-room or drink out of our own cups and saucers. We wish to see the prisoner.”

The man shook his head. “Very sorry, Miss; but we can’t let you in.”

“We’ll *see* if you can’t!” cried Patty with a wrath that, if partly assumed, was also partly genuine. She turned about in the direction of a large apple-tree that stood by itself a few rods away and be-

neath which, seated on a bench that was there, the forms of Mr. Wigglesworth and his remaining two men could just be made out.

“Corporal !” she called out peremptorily. “Corporal of the Guard !”

The ensign came running forward at once.

“This person tells us we cannot go in here,” said Patty.

“Vell, Miss ; them is his horders.”

“But we *wish* to go in,” declared Patty.

“Vy, certainly, Miss, hif you vishes to go in you can. Peters, let the leddies go in hif they vishes.”

“Ah ! I *thought* we could if we wanted to,” Patty said with an air of triumphant satisfaction. She seemed in no hurry to enter, however, now that permission had been granted. The utter blackness and stillness that reigned within did not especially invite her. “Why do you leave the door open ?” she asked. “Ar’n’t you afraid he will escape ?”

“He can’t get out, Miss, with the men right ’ere,” the ensign assured her. “And vith the door open, ve can look in vonce in a while hand make sure he is still ’ere and hain’t hup ter no mischief.”

Patty advanced a step and looked in at the door. "I can't see him anywhere," said she. Then she called out in her sweetest tones, "Cousin Ger-
vaise!" There was no answer at all. "Why," she said, "he can't have escaped already, can he?"

"No, Miss," answered Peters who still stood by. "He's in there. I spoke to him only a minute or two ago. He naturally feels a bit unsociable, though, sitting there all alone in the dark with his hands tied."

"O," said Patty, "he is a little cross, is he? Then I think we won't go in, now. And I think it is very silly of him"—she raised her voice in saying this so as to be sure that the prisoner heard her—"to *insist* upon being shut up in this way when he could go free any minute if he would only say the word. He *deserves* to be shut up in the dark with his hands tied."

Then she and Dolly went back to the house.

"How *can* you talk to those men in the way you do?" asked Dolly at the kitchen door. "And one would think you were almost *glad* that cousin Ger-
vaise is being treated so."

“ Well, I am out of all patience with him ! ” said Patty. “ And besides, there isn’t any real danger, of course. Let’s go back to the music-room, now. Mamma will wonder what has become of us. And I’ve had enough of waiting around here for nothing to take place.”

Gervaise, although he had vouchsafed no answer to Patty’s call, had by no means effected his escape from his extemporized prison ; indeed he had not as yet any particular thought or hope of doing so. His unexpected and humiliating arrest with the half-hour of confinement in this dark and comfortless place that had followed it, had truly, as his cousin said, made him very “ cross,” so that he did not care to see or speak to any one, not even to her ; but it was not so much over his present condition as his future prospects that he presently found himself gloomily brooding ; and, boy that he was, sitting there alone in the silence and night, it is not to be wondered at that his fears increased by and by beyond all reason and control. He was accused of being a *spy* — of entering the enemies’ lines in disguise. How was he to prove himself inno-

cent of the charge? Indeed, was he not technically guilty of it? And, in spite of his youth, in spite of the true explanation of the facts which, when the time came, he would give, was it not certain that a military court would instantly condemn him? Condemn him? Condemn him to *what*? He had thought little of all this before to-night; but he thought of it now with growing horror, and visions distinct and terrible crowded upon him of the awful fate that awaited him. He groaned aloud. He cried out in mingled wrath and terror. He struggled wildly to free himself from the cords that bound his hands and confined him also to the heavy bench on which he sat. But all in vain; and at length, weary and wretched he settled down into a state of dull, despairing stupor which, though it was not sleep, was almost as unconscious as sleep.

How long he sat thus, after Patty had called his name at the door, he did not know. He was aroused by a sudden noise in the further end of the room — a noise as of some one groping his way in the darkness, falling over some obstacle, and which was attended by a smothered exclamation.

Gervaise, in his present exaggerated state of feeling, was deeply startled. He would have started up, but his bands prevented him. "Who's there?" he demanded in a low intense voice.

There was an instant's silence and then a whispered answer:

"*Hush!* It is I."

"Who are you?"

"Why — confuse it! I'm your — your cousin — the other fellow, you know. I'm Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia, by your permission. I've come to get you out of this."

"Oh!" responded Gervaise in a tone of instant and entire satisfaction. He realized now that this was once more the mysterious stranger appearing to him; and he cared little at the moment what he called himself so long as he had come to help him.

"That is," continued the other, "if you don't go and spoil everything by bawling out as though you were hailing the maintopmast head. Where are you, anyway? This is worse than cruising in a Channel fog. O, here you are!" Then our hero heard his quick breathing close beside him and felt a hand

on his shoulder. "You ought to show an anchor light."

"I certainly am pretty securely anchored," grumbled Gervaise.

"What are you — tied?" The hand began fumbling at the cords. "Well, may I be disgraced and turned before the mast if this isn't the clumsiest piece of work I ever came across. What marine triced you up this way, I should like to know. Hold on until I get my knife." The next moment the prisoner felt his bonds loosened and found himself free.

"How in the world did you ever get in here?" Gervaise asked in wonder.

"O, I came down the scuttle."

Gervaise reached out in the darkness and seized the hand that had freed him. "I owe you a good deal for this," said he warmly.

"All right. But don't stop to pay me now. I can wait. This is serious business. You must get away from here and out of this town to-night, or I won't answer for what may happen to you in the morning. They'd make mighty little of hanging you for a spy as things are now. This wearing my

uniform about was a precious piece of nonsense, anyway. I ought to have known enough to put a stop to it. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Come along, then. And mind you, not a particle of noise, or you'll get me into trouble too. Here, this way."

Then slowly and cautiously, the stranger leading Gervaise by the hand, they groped their way back across the room, halting at length at its other end and where, as they looked up, a small square opening could be seen in the roof, with the starlit sky above it.

"Are you sailor enough to climb a rope hand over hand?" asked the stranger; and Gervaise perceived now that a line hung down from the hole in the roof.

"Of course."

The stranger took hold of the line and gave it a gentle pull. It did not seem to be securely fastened. He raised his voice, though still speaking in a whisper, and called out toward the opening above:

“Hallo, there, on the roof. You piece of ebony uselessness, why don’t you hold on to that rope as I told you?”

“Who is up there?” Gervaise asked.

“Who? That black chattel of yours. And he’s about as handy to have around at a time like this as a ship’s parson in a gale of wind. I say there,” he whispered hoarsely again, giving the rope a shake.

“Iss, mars’r,” this time came the answer in Pomp’s well-known accents.

“What are you — asleep? You just attend to your business, sir, or I’ll pull your ears for you when I get up there.”

“Umph! Ee pull ’em bof out by de roots already, mars’r.”

“Is that rope still passed around the corner of the roof?”

“Iss, mars’r.”

“Well, hold on to it, as I told you.” He turned to his companion. “Now, then,” said he, “up you go. You can have my hand and shoulder, if you want it.”

But Gervaise, regarding this quite as much the accomplishment of landsman as seaman, scorned the proffered assistance and swiftly ascended the rope to the opening. He had scarcely passed out to the roof, where Pompey was posted, when he found the nimble stranger once more beside him. To slide down the slope to the eaves and thence to the ground was a much easier process and one which all three quickly effected. Gervaise drew a long breath and stamped his foot upon the sod.

"Ah!" said he, "it feels good to stand upon terra firma once more and know that one is free."

"There's an old saying that one shouldn't crow till he's out of the woods," observed the stranger. "We are nowhere near the *edge* of the woods yet, and there is more need to be careful than ever. Hist! What's that?"

The exclamation and question had been drawn from him by a slight sound which his quick ear had caught coming from beneath the trees farther up the grounds on that side the house. They all listened breathlessly and in a moment the sound developed into that of an approaching footstep accompanied

by the hum of a human voice as of some one singing to himself.

“Gracious ter massy !” uttered the negro in a tone by no means as prudently controlled as the circumstances required. “Somebuddy’s a-coming !”

Quick as thought the stranger whirled around and seizing the black by the collar twisted it about his neck until the poor fellow nearly choked. “Hush !” he fiercely whispered. “If you make another sound or whimper I’ll knock your head against the building here until your eyes won’t stay in.”

The new comer seemed not to have taken alarm, however. The sound of his step and voice drew steadily nearer, and presently the outline of his form — by no means a formidable one — was to be made out scarcely a rod away.

“Why,” uttered Gervaise under his breath, “it’s the little fellow that arrested me. He’s coming right by us, too. Before George !” — and he laid hold of a pitchfork that, with its prongs in the earth, stood there against the building where his rescuer had used it a short time before to mount to the roof — “I’ve a great mind to pay him what I owe him

now." Out here in the open air with his newly recovered liberty, Master Gervaise was quite his old, hot-headed self again ; and now, at sight of the little Englishman, his sense of wrong overcame his discretion.

But he felt his companion's grasp close like a vise upon his arm. "For the life of you, don't you do it!" the latter cried in his ear. "You'll bring the whole file down upon you in twenty seconds. Don't stir a finger. He won't come close enough to see us. It's very dark right here."

The approaching figure was indeed that of Ensign Wigglesworth, who after a while preferring his own company to that of his men, had set off for a stroll around the house, and who was now sauntering unsuspectingly along within a few feet of where Gervaise and his companions were standing, still humming to himself some sentimental air and complacently thinking perhaps of the vivacious young lady at whose commands his present lone watch was kept.

Directly opposite to Gervaise and his friends, and not ten feet away, there was a large tree whose

branches threw a deep shadow over the spot where they stood huddled together, and served the more effectually to conceal them. The ensign, passing between them and this tree, halted a moment at its foot and musingly stood there, still continuing his humming. Had he stopped to listen he must certainly have heard their breathing — at least the excited respiration of the negro of whom the stranger still retained his hold — so near was he to them. His face, as it chanced, was turned directly toward them ; but the shadow, as has been said, was especially deep just here, and the ensign's eyes moreover were raised to the stars above their heads. As he stood in this attitude, however, a somewhat remarkable and extremely unfortunate accident occurred.

The windows of the servants' hall, which was in the main part of the house and immediately adjoined the kitchen, looked directly out upon this spot, though the room was empty now and perfectly dark. It happened, however, just at the precise moment when Ensign Wigglesworth halted beneath the tree, that aunt Cuba took up her light from the

kitchen table and went with it into the servants' hall in search of something of which she had need. As she advanced into the latter room, she paused a moment and peered about her, raising the lamp above her head at the same time and holding it in such a way that its rays immediately fell at the point out doors where the three fugitives were at that instant anxiously hiding. The effect, though it was one which the good old lady could not possibly have intended, was as instantaneous and complete as if it had been carefully calculated. A bright parallelogram of light was suddenly projected from one of the windows upon the white surface of the wood-house exactly behind where the fugitives stood, within which, as though they formed a picture in a frame, the figures of the three appeared in black, startling distinctness — the negro, with terrified countenance, half cowering upon the ground with the stranger's fingers still twisted in his collar, and Gervaise, pitchfork in hand and with foot advanced, occupying a position just before the other two. The eyes of the ensign were of course instantly attracted to the spot.

The song that he was softly singing ended itself in a sudden gasp. The little soldier started back in affright. For the moment he believed himself in the presence of one of those very pitchfork-bearing rustics for whom, when the Charles River ran between them, he had always exhibited such profound contempt, and who now, it appeared, was about to charge upon him with his barbarous weapon. He raised his hand in feeble protest.

“O, I say, now! See here, you know” — he was able to utter faintly. But then, all at once recognizing in our hero his late prisoner, and remembering that his brave command was close at hand, he suddenly raised his small voice and cried shrilly for help.

Gervaise's blood was up. Discovery and recapture seemed certain, but he said to himself that he would not be taken again without showing some fight. And his heart at the moment was filled with wrath and bitterness toward the person before him who had made the discovery and was now seeking to give the alarm. He shook the stranger's hand from his arm and sprang forward, his unusual but

formidable weapon levelled straight at the face and eyes of his diminutive foe. Whether his purpose was really as sanguinary as it thus appeared, may not with certainty be said. Very possibly it was, for the lad was desperate and angry. If so, however, the deed he actually did was better than his intention. The ensign, finding himself thus charged, so to speak, at the point of the pitchfork, and having himself no reason at all for doubting that the attack was made in good faith, drew back in horror with a faint repetition of his favorite ejaculation of "I say now!" His retreat however was instantly cut off by the tree behind him against which he fell helplessly back. At the same time the terrible fork kept straight on with gathered force and, narrowly missing the head of the young gentleman which was at that moment thrown squarely back against the trunk, passed directly beneath his ears, a prong on either side, and buried itself deeply in the tree. The result was — curious enough to relate — that the unhappy ensign, when presently he came to realize his position, found himself a helpless prisoner, as securely fastened to

MISS PATTY AND THE SOLDIERS HASTEN TO THE ENSIGN'S RELEASE.



the tree as though he had been tied to it with cords.

Gervaise, feeling his weapon strike the tree, supposed in the darkness that the enemy had escaped him. He gave the handle a pull, but finding it stuck fast he left it there and turned to his companions. The shouts of the soldiers in answer to their commander's cry for help could be heard on the other side of the building, and another moment would bring them upon the scene. The stranger, alert and undismayed, already had our hero by the arm.

"Come," cried he. "There's a chance for us yet. We've got to go out by the front gate. Run as fast and as quietly as you can."

"Where's Pomp?" asked Gervaise, hesitating an instant and looking around for the negro.

"He has disappeared somewhere. We can't stop for him. Come along."

The cries of the soldiers were heard coming nearer around the building; and without further words Gervaise and his friend — for friend he certainly held him — dashed off into the darkness beneath the trees.

They need not have feared pursuit, however, for there was none. Two of the soldiers appeared upon the scene the next moment and, in obedience to the ensign's pitiful call, approached the tree where he was confined. Before they could release him, however, the other two men also came up, and with them Miss Patty, bearing a lantern. The young lady came forward and held the lantern so that its light fell upon the tree. And lo! there was the gorgeous little ensign, unharmed as to a single hair of his powdered head, but as neatly and securely fastened to his place as though he had been a butterfly impaled upon a pin.

CHAPTER XII.

MASTER BRENSHAW LEAVES BOSTON.

THE order of the Commander-in-chief obliging all persons to be within doors at ten o'clock at night, except such as had a pass from himself, made of the town of Boston a very quiet place at the late hour when Gervaise and his companion, making their way cautiously but with all possible haste out of the Brenshaw grounds, appeared upon the public street. From this they turned quickly off, the stranger choosing their way, hurrying along through a series of secluded streets and alleys with which Gervaise was entirely unfamiliar so that he was presently quite at a loss to know in which direction they were going, or in what locality they were.

"Where are we, anyway?" he at length found breath to inquire.

“We are only a short way from the east end of the Mill Pond,” answered the stranger. “This is Back street, there are patrols down on Hanover and Middle streets.”

“Where are you taking me?”

“Down to a wharf near the North Battery where I’ve got a boat. You must get out of town at once.”

“I suppose I must,” Gervaise assented regretfully. “I declare, I hate to go off in this way, though—without a word to my aunt and cousins. I wonder what they will think of me.”

“It doesn’t so much matter what *they* think of you as what the authorities think of you if they get hold of you. I tell you what, sir, they would make precious little of hanging you up by a rope just now—after the fight of Saturday. As for the people at the house,” continued he, “I’ll go back there to-morrow and make it all right with them. I’ll tell them the whole story and explain all about it.”

“Will you?” said Gervaise. “That’s a good fellow. You’d better tell ’em just who I am and how I happened to—to deceive ’em as I did. If you can

explain it so that my aunt will forgive me, I'll be mighty glad. I say, though," he suddenly added, "what 'll you tell her about yourself?"

"O, I'll tell her who *I* am, too."

"Will you, though?" Gervaise all at once turned and looked at his companion as they walked along, although he could no more than make out the outline of his face in the darkness. For the first time the personal identity of the stranger struck him as a matter of some interest in itself. "Who *are* you anyway?" he bluntly asked.

The other laughed. "Who do you suppose I am? I should think" — Then he abruptly broke off, halting and turning about. "Hark!"

They both stood and listened.

"I don't hear anything," said Gervaise.

"I did — a footstep. Wait a moment."

The stranger left his companion and walked back into the darkness down the street. Presently he came hurrying back. "*Somebody is following us!*" cried he in a whisper. "Come, we must run for it."

All at once, as they dashed along Salem

street, running in the middle of the street, they saw a light ahead and then they heard a shout.

“Hallo, there! Who goes there? Halt and give an account of yourself.”

They stopped short in dismay.

“It is the sentry at the foot of Copp’s,” said the stranger. “We’ve come farther down this street than I meant to.”

“Shall we run back?” proposed Gervaise.

“No, no! Here.” The stranger fumbled in his pocket for something and then held it out to Gervaise. “Here is a pass — for Gervaise Brenshaw, midshipman. You have the uniform on, so you had best take this too. Go straight up to him and inquire your way. He won’t know there are two of us; and I will slip into this doorway here. I’ll overtake you in a moment. If I don’t, make your way as fast as you can to the first shipyard south of the North Battery — Grant and Greenwood’s, it is called — where you’ll find the boat and they’ll take you across. Go ahead. Here he comes.” The speaker gave our hero a push and then secreted himself beneath a neighboring stoop.

The sentry came up at once, holding a lantern aloft so that presently it shone on Gervaise's uniform. "Humph!" he grunted, seemingly a good deal disappointed at finding a King's officer instead of a citizen of the town. "I thought there were two of you."

"In the habit of seeing double?" queried Gervaise carelessly.

"I didn't see at all, but I could have sworn I heard four feet instead of two."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am a quadruped?" demanded our hero.

"It's rather late to be out," said the sentry, ignoring this demand. "You have a pass, I suppose."

"Of course I have." Gervaise presented the paper the stranger had given him.

The soldier examined it by his lantern.

"Hum," said he. "You are Gervaise Brenshaw, midshipman?"

"Can't you read?" returned Gervaise.

"All right," grumbled the other, satisfied at last and returning the pass.

"I've rather lost my reckoning," said Gervaise.

“What is the quickest way to the North Battery?”

“Well, this is Charles street, here at the corner. Keep down that till you come to North street — then turn to your left and the second alley on the right is Battery alley, which will take you right down there.”

“All right, and much obliged,” returned the lad and at once passed on.

He had gone only a few rods along Charles street when he heard a footfall behind and next moment the stranger again stood beside him.

“We have gotten rid of *him*,” said the latter as he came up. “But we’ve no time to lose. *Somebody* is after us. I caught sight of a man’s form a short way behind us, while you were talking with the patrol.”

So they hastened on again, turning to the left at North street and presently diving down an alley which brought them out upon Ship street, from which the stranger led the way to the wharves, arriving at length at the place where he had left his boat.

The boat was there, lying at the head of the wharf with the men in it. Gervaise climbed down

on board in obedience to his companion's command to "tumble in," and they pushed off. The oars were scarcely shipped when the stranger's alert eye caught sight of a dark form suddenly appearing at the head of the wharf.

"Give way, men. Give way," he shouted, without farther attempt at concealment. "Whoever catches us now will have to swim for it."

But before the order could be obeyed, a well-known voice, piteously raised from the wharf, caused the young officer at once to countermand it.

"Hol' on, dar, Mars' Jarvy. Fur de lub o' Hebben don' go off 'n' leabe po' Pomp in dis lan' o' darkness. Here's 'ee baggage, too, Mars' Jarvy."

"I'll be cashiered if it isn't that darky of yours," exclaimed the stranger. "So it was *he* that was following us."

So they put back to the wharf and the negro with his baggage was taken on board.

They pulled out and around the extremity of the peninsula, laying their course for the Cambridge shore. The young officer at the helm knew exactly the position of every man-of-war in the inner har-

bor and was easily able to avoid them. It was necessary to keep a careful lookout, however, as also to preserve the strictest silence; so that little was said during the passage.

No less caution was needful as they drew near the low shore which was their intended destination — though the fear was not now on Gervaise's account but on that of his companion.

"*I don't want to be taken by the Yankees, you know, any more than you do by the English,*" the latter said.

"Why," Gervaise answered, "there's no danger of that. I should tell them how it was and insist upon their letting you go."

"Humph!" the other dryly observed. "I'm afraid your influence wouldn't amount to much if once they got hold of me and my boat's crew," he continued.

They pulled silently along the land, running the boat ashore at length at the very extremity of a long, narrow point where it seemed impossible that any evil-disposed foe could lie in concealment. Gervaise and the negro stepped on shore and after

a moment's reflection the young midshipman followed them.

"I'll walk up with you a little way," he said. "There doesn't seem to be anybody around."

A few rods away from the boat however he stopped short.

"I won't go any farther than this, though. The point seems to widen all at once here to the left, and I don't like the look of that pile of rocks yonder. It would make too convenient an ambush."

"Then we part here, do we?" said Gervaise.

"Yes." And he held out his hand.

Gervaise grasped it warmly. "I shall never forget what you have done for me to-night," said he with deep feeling. "And, now," he added, "I want to know who it is to whom I owe so much. You didn't tell me, after all."

The other laughed again. "I am Gervaise Brenshaw of Virginia, at your service," he answered.

Gervaise laughed too. "I don't believe I can let you have that name any longer," said he, "I shall want to resume it now, myself."

"Well, then, if you are Gervaise Brenshaw of

Virginia, perhaps I had better call myself Gervaise Brenshaw of England. You won't want to use *that* name any longer."

"No. But, joking aside, pray tell me who you really are. I shall want to know your name so that if I ever *should* run across you, you know."

"Well," began the stranger more seriously. And apparently he was now really on the point of communicating to his companion the asked-for fact. But oddly enough he was at that instant again interrupted, and in much the same manner as had been the case once before that night as he had seemed about to declare his identity. While they had been talking they had at the last unthinkingly moved on again to a position that brought them nearly abreast of the pile of rocks alluded to. Suddenly from out the deep shadow enveloping these rocks there came a gruff, peremptory challenge.

"Who goes there? Stand or we'll shoot."

The lads turned in alarm; and there, a short distance from them and seeming to have sprung from the very earth, a half-dozen human forms could be discerned in the gloom, so distributed as

to render hopeless any attempt at retreat either in one direction or the other. Then a dark lantern, suddenly opened, shed its light upon the scene.

"Well!" muttered the stranger, very coolly, but in a tone of intense disgust. "It seems that I've got myself into the very fix we spoke of, after all. I *deserve* to be hanged for my stupidity."

"Wait a bit," returned our hero quickly. "Maybe we can come it over these fellows yet." Gervaise was on his own ground now as it were, and it was he who had his wits most about him. "Let them think I'm your prisoner — I've got a British uniform on. And then, in a minute or so, I can make a break perhaps; and you'll get a chance to run for the boat."

"Who goes there?" again sharply came the challenge; and the dusky forms were seen to be approaching, cutting short farther conference between the two. But the Englishman had not been slow to comprehend Gervaise's plan.

"Who goes *where*?" he now answered back in a thoroughly assured voice. "It is too dark to go much of anywhere, I should say. I wish you would

tell a fellow when you are going to jump up at him like that. You nearly scared me dumb. I'm mighty glad to see you, though. I've got a prisoner here — I and my negro boy. He's a midshipman, I take it, from his uniform. I wish you'd help us take him up to camp."

The men now drew near and examined the group by the light of their lantern. They themselves were rough, ungainly fellows who had as yet by no means acquired the daring and manner of regular soldiers. The young Englishman had whipped out a piece of cord from his pocket and was fumbling at Gervaise's hands which he had brought together behind him.

"Sho!" said the man who bore the lantern and who seemed to be a sort of leader of the squad. "Shouldn't think ye would need much help — two on ye, so — ter take *him* in. Here, Penniman, hold my lantern."

Penniman, for some reason, did not step forward on the instant to comply and the lantern was therefore set down upon the ground. Gervaise at that instant thought he saw his opportunity; and rais-

ing his foot, with a well-directed kick he sent the lantern flying a dozen feet away, the light of course being instantly extinguished. Then, with one vigorous leap, the lad cleared himself from the group and darted off into the impenetrable darkness that succeeded the glare of the light.

The midshipman, who was prepared for this, lost not an instant in springing away in apparent pursuit—in which, after one moment of stupid inaction, he was joined by the astonished countrymen. The lad had put a rod of distance between them and himself however, and he was thus enabled to turn instantly aside unobserved; then, dropping flat upon the ground, he had the satisfaction of hearing his enemies go shouting off in hot chase of his late companion, who himself kept up such an insane hooting and holloing as he ran as might well have convinced them, had they stopped to think, that he was far from being as anxious as would appear to make good his escape. A moment later the stranger was speeding undetected back to his boat.

Gervaise presently halted and gave himself up.

His captors took him back to the point but found only the negro awaiting them there. Our hero, not troubling himself to make any explanation, was taken inland to the American camp and passed the rest of the night in a guard house. In the morning he sent for General Putnam who made himself responsible for him and took him home to his quarters and to whom he told the entire story of his visit to Boston. The General gave him a good lecture for his imprudence and declared that he should not henceforth let him out of his sight.

Gervaise felt sure, of course, that his friend had safely effected his escape; and he was much rejoiced. In thinking over again all that had passed between himself and this mysterious stranger since their first meeting at the Sign of the Golden Ball, he wondered more than ever who the young Englishman could be. And while he was wondering, he took from his pocket the pass which the other had handed him in Salem street the night before. The paper was worn and soiled as though it had been carried about for some time. Gervaise read it carefully through.

*Headquarters, Boston,
29th May, 1775.*

The bearer, Gervaise Brenshaw, midshipman, has his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief's permission to go about at any hour unmolested within the lines, and also to pass and repass the advanced lines.

*Fa: Urquhart,
Town Mayor.*

To all concerned.

"Ah!" murmured Gervaise, as his eyes still dwelt upon the paper, "he must have gotten this on purpose for me, to help get me off. It is made out in my name. He's a mighty fine fellow, that he is! And I'll never forget it." Then again his glance fell upon the date. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's this? The twenty-ninth of May! Why, he never had heard of me the twenty-ninth of May." He stood and scowled at the document in growing perplexity. Then he began reading it through again:

*Headquarters, Boston,
29th May, 1775.*

The bearer, Gervaise Brenshaw, midshipman —

There he stopped and pondered ; and slowly there dawned upon his mind a truth which, however plain it may long before this have seemed to the reader of the story, had not, up to this moment, for an instant entered the head of its hero.

“As true as I am a born idiot,” said he in an awestruck tone, as at length he arrived at a full belief in the remarkable fact, “that fellow was my cousin, Gervaise Brenshaw, from England !”

“Well,” he candidly added to himself at last, “there has been a good deal of pulling of wool over people’s eyes in this affair ; but there has been nobody who has been so completely blinded and bamboozled as I myself.”

On Sunday the seventeenth of March, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, the British army consisting of about eleven thousand men, with something like a thousand refugees from the town, went on board the English fleet and set sail for Halifax. And while they were yet within sight of the wharves, the Continental troops under General George Washington marched in and took possession of the town.

Gervaise Brenshaw, though he had not revisited Boston during this interval, had, with his father's permission, remained with General Putnam in its vicinity, and he was with the victorious battalions when they entered the place. It was with a good deal of misgiving, as well as much pleasant anticipation, that he turned his steps in the direction of his Aunt Brenshaw's residence.

As he turned in at the well-remembered gate and looked up at the house, his heart sank within him. The outer shutters of the windows were all grimly closed and the place had an unmistakably empty and deserted look. Fearing the worst he went slowly up the steps and raised the knocker of the door. The sound echoed and reverberated through the loneliness within; and he was almost surprised to hear presently the withdrawing of bolts and bars inside. Then the door opened a little way and the wrinkled visage of old Ptolemy appeared.

"Is dat you, Mars' Jarvy?" the negro asked, and then threw the door wide open. "I'se b'en expectin' of yer all de mawnin'. Miss Patty, she say she was shuah yer world come."

"Then Miss Patty is here, is she?" said Gervaise, immensely relieved.

"No, Mars' Jarvy. Dey's all gone off, ebery one of 'um, an' lef' ol' Ptol'my to take keer de house. Dey's gone on bo'd Gin'ral Howe's own ship an' sailed f'r England. An' de good Lord on'y knows when dey'll be back ag'in."

Gervaise needed to hear no more to understand what had happened. In common with many other prominent Tories of the place, his aunt had preferred to trust herself and family to the ships with the royal army rather than remain behind to enjoy the tender mercies of the incoming rebels. He went in and sat down in one of the hall chairs, leaning his head upon his hands and feeling sad and disappointed enough.

Ptolemy went into the music-room and, returning without any delay, placed in our hero's hands a letter.

"Miss Patty writ it," he explained. "She say how I wos ter gib it to yer immejit."

So he eagerly took the missive and read it, deriving from its pages, we may assume, no little com-

fort and possibly some information. The letter was as follows :

DEAR COUSIN GERVAISE :

We learned from a deserter, about a month ago, that you were still in the American camp, and I felt sure you would come here as soon as you could get into the town, so I leave this letter with Ptolemy. We are going to sail with the troops. We are going to England. Mamma insists upon it and of course we must go too. We are so sorry not to see you — at least Dolly and I are. Mamma, I fear, will never forgive you for deceiving us as you did and she will not be persuaded that you were not really a spy, although cousin Gervaise has explained it all to her again and again — cousin Gervaise from England I mean. Perhaps you have guessed before this that he *was* our English cousin — the *real* midshipman, you know — though he says you did not know it at all at the time, any more than we did. But I want to tell you that you did not deceive *us* quite as much as you thought you did — at least not *me*. I suspected that something was wrong about you two all the while and now I have to inform you that that British corporal who arrested you was really an ensign who was a friend of mine and it was all a joke of my arranging, your being arrested in that way and put in the wood-house. I thought I should get you to tell who you were in that way. So the joke was not *all* on your side.

But there isn't time to write any more. We are going on board ship early to-morrow morning. It is one of the ships that is going direct to England and cousin Gervaise has arranged it so that we shall have as comfortable quarters as could possibly be expected. I do hope that this terrible war will soon be over — but I hope it will *never* be over unless the Americans can get their liberties. Dolly sends her cousinly love — as for mamma I don't dare tell her I am writing you. I hope we shall come back to America before long.

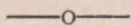
Your affectionate cousin, PATTY.

Seven years after that, when peace was established once more, Gervaise Brenshaw, then a full grown young man in the blue and buff uniform of a major in the Virginia light ^{House} house, found himself once more in Boston and entering again the door of his Aunt Brenshaw's ^{House} horse, The family, as he already knew, had some time since returned from England. It need hardly be told that his two girl-cousins, now grown to be dignified and elegant young ladies, were delighted to see him; as was no less also a manly young fellow in the uniform of a lieutenant of the Royal Navy — Sir Gervaise Brenshaw — who presently stepped forward and shook his hand twenty times.

As for Madame Brenshaw, she also was there ; and she did not refuse, bowing stiffly at the same time, to extend to him her hand. But our hero, as he took it, could not help thinking that it felt very much the same as on that evening long ago when she had first greeted him in this very hall ; and his own feelings, for the moment, were not very different.

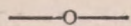
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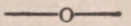


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